

The Daughter
of Donagh . . .

ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

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THE DAUGHTER OF DONAGH

A CROMWELLIAN DRAMA IN
FOUR ACTS

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN

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DEDICATED

to the Memory of

RICHARD BARRY O'BRIEN, B.L.,

whom I first met at a lecture on Oliver Cromwell, given under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, London, 1895, and who was thenceforth my kind friend and counsellor. Insistent that our politicians should ever be mindful of the lessons of history and that our poets and dramatists should not be forgetful, he would, I believe, have approved this book, and have been pleased that his name should be inscribed on its dedicatory page.

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The Daughter of Donagh.

A CROMWELLIAN DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

INTRODUCTION.—In the following Drama the Author aims at realising the facts of a historical epoch, and its result on Irish life and politics since then till now. The following edicts in connection with the Cromwellian Settlement give a basis to the plot.

First—That Irish landowners forfeited their lands and were banished before a certain date named as the last day of grace. Neglecting to transplant before then they were liable to be hanged.

Second—Cromwellian soldier settlers marrying Irish women forfeited their lands and became liable to transplantation.

Third—The labouring classes were allowed to remain and serve the settlers.

Fourth—Outlawed soldiers, landowners who had refused to transplant, and other vagrants hiding in bogs and mountains were denounced as Tories and hunted down, a price being set on their heads, as also on the heads of wolves and priests.

Dramatis Personæ.

IRISH GROUP.

DONAGH CAVANAGH, *an Irish gentleman who has not transplanted.*

ONORA, *his only daughter.*

TEIG AND MAURYA, *peasants who are allowed to remain and serve the Planters.*

TORY REFUGEES IN THE GALTEES.

MAURICE FITZGERALD, *a Royalist*; FINIAN MACCONMARA, and other Soldiers; SEAGHAN O'HANLON, *an Ulsterman in Owen's Army*; FATHER MICHAEL, *a Franciscan*; CATHLIN, *a young girl*; SHEEVE and NABLA, *old women.*

CROMWELLIAN GROUP.

GABRIEL FAIRFAX, *who gets Donagh's lands*; HOSEA, *his servant*; SIMON KINCAID, *a jealous neighbour*; MR. BARRACLOUGH, *a minister*; MRS. BARRACLOUGH, *his wife*; UNITY KINCAID, *niece to Simon, President of the Plantation Council*; GIDEON BLAKE, and other wedding guests; *a jerryman, and soldiers of the Shannon.*

The Daughter of Donagh.

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*A large, barely furnished room, with beams across ceiling and wood pannelling along the walls. To the left a hearth fire of turf and logs, with three-legged pot on chain over it, and other cooking utensils at hand. Back centre, a door opening on a scene, a green slope near the house rising to a hill ridge, with a group of trees standing out distinctly against the distant blue mountain lines beyond. The door is closed, or ajar at the beginning of the scene, small latticed windows are to the left or right of it. On the right-hand wall is a sliding panel, concealing a secret press or hiding place. Donagh Cavanagh (a man of middle age, dark complexion, cavalier curls, a short beard, faded brown clothes) kneels at the hearth stirring something in a skillet. Onora, his daughter, lies back on a couch propped with pillows.*

ONORA—Father, it is too long that I am lying here. The wasting and weakness of the fever will not leave me till I breathe again the open air of heaven.

(She throws the wraps from about her and sits up.)

DONAGH *(looking round, but continuing to stir)*—Have a care, dear Onora, you are but weakly yet.

ONORA *(holding out her hands and looking at them)*—Nay, now, I have not wasted much, and I was not weary after walking in the room here yesterday. Surely to-day I may go out into the sun and see the flowers springing. There will come a colour again to my cheeks and strength to my limbs. Father, let me go out and walk in the sun.

DONAGH *(leaving the fire)*—Patience, little pale daughter, patience ; here is a nourishing draught for you. Let me see what appetite you have and then we may talk about walking in the wood. *(Onora takes a bowl from him, he watches her sipping*

it with anxious eyes, and speaks). We must be patient. Remember you are my only treasure now, and it is great care I must take of you lest you leave me, as at last your sweet mother did. To think how we nursed her through the fire of the fever, and the snows of the year, and saw her rise and smile again, thanking us for our pains; and then, when we thought all danger past, and spoke of making ready for our journey into Connacht, of a sudden with scarce a word of farewell, she went from me away on a farther journey than we thought of, alone. (*He hides his face.*)

ONORA—Father, dear, do not grieve so bitterly. I think though she loved us well, she was almost glad to go. The heart within her was out-wearied by years of anxious watching, when you were away fighting in the wars; and this decree of banishment, this forfeiture of your lands and house, came as the last blow. When I watched her in the night before I sickened with the same fever, I heard her often weep and murmur: "To be homeless," she sobbed, "homeless and desolate, wandering in a strange and barren land. Better to be resting in the grave!"

DONAGH—And I too, Onora, soldier as I am, but for your sake would wish my warfare over and to be resting with her.

ONORA—But for my sake, and because I am young and have my life to live, you will come out bravely into the wilderness. Oh! yes, dear father, and we will yet have happy days together, happy days, father: so be of good cheer. (*She points to the window*). See the green leaves dancing on the trees, dancing though the English Parliament has commanded that there shall be dancing in the land no more. Ah! I have made you smile at that, and you shall often smile in the days to come, father mine; for we can be happy together, you and I, though we be homeless and landless by Cromwell's decree. They cannot banish the gladness out of our Irish hearts, no more than they can take the sunshine from this morn of May.

(*Donagh, who has been smiling at her chat, starts and looks grave at the word May.*)

DONAGH—Child, and do you think it can yet be May? I have lost count of days and nights.

ONORA—And I, too, nights when I found no sleep blended into days when I could only toss and rave as if I dreamed. I

have lost count, but it is bright and warm, and like a morn of May.

DONAGH (*with his brow puckered stands trying to reckon the time*). Let me see, it was 14 days before Easter when your mother died, and on the very evening that I buried her you sickened with the fever. Three weeks or so you may have been in the fire of it, and it was then we lost count ; and now, how many days is it since you have been recovering ?

ONORA—Indeed, I cannot tell. But why trouble the count of those sorrowful days ? We shall be happy yet. Come, father, I have supped every drop. Come and tell me stories of the time when you were at the Archduke's Court in Flanders, before the war of Ireland, when you came back to fight under the flag of Owen Roe.

DONAGH (*aside*)—April must be nearly over ; but God grant it is not May.

ONORA (*aside*)—What is he thinking of that he stands there so silent and does not answer. Even the name of his old commander had no power to rouse him from contemplating.

DONAGH (*aside*)—Ten days from Easter and Lent began before the winds of March. I hope it is yet a few days from May. She is too weak to walk ; still we should be gone. The last day of grace ! The last day ! That is what they call it, and after that if I am found here they may hang me if they will. The law stands so, my life is forfeit ; and she, if she be found what will be her fate ; to be sold into slavery over the seas, as they tell me of one hundred young girls who were sent from the port of Waterford away to the Barbadoes.

ONORA (*aside*)—He has fallen in a pensive mood. Talking of my mother's death has made him grieve, and though my own heart is heavy I must cheer him somehow. Father, come here and gossip with me, since you will not let me walk in the sun.

DONAGH (*eagerly*,—Do you think, heart's treasure, that there is strength in your limbs to make a trial of it ? (*He lays his hand on her brow and gazes at her*). (*Aside*)—It were well that she should be used to walking as soon as can be.

ONORA (*grasps the bench and rises*)—Your arm ; at first I am giddy and faint, but strength will come. (*She walks a little, on his arm, then goes slowly up and down, holding on, however, to the chairs*

and benches.) It is strange how, through want of use, my knees shake under me, and my head is light ; but give me the air and sun ; the air, father dear, and soon I will be strong.

DONAGH (*flings open the door and leads her to it. Then stands on the threshold with his arm around her*)—The air is balmy and cannot hurt you.

ONORA—It gives me life again to breathe it and look out on the sunlit world. See, all the trees are in leaf except the ash. The sloethorn blossoms are like a shower of snow among the greens of the thicket. And far away on the hills yonder, see the gorse like walls of gold.

DONAGH—Yonder, where the gorse is so golden above the glen, that is the way we must travel, you and I.

ONORA—Ah ! now, I know why you were so sad. You were thinking how, now when my sickness is gone, we must leave our home, these dear familiar woods, my mother's grave, we must leave and follow the others who have gone to Connacht.

DONAGH—It is not to Connacht we will go, Onora.

ONORA—Not to Connacht ? I thought it was ordered so by the Parliament.

DONAGH—What is ordered by the law is not always what is done, not in Ireland. There are some who have defied the law. Up there in a glen of the Galtees they live the outlaw's life, soldiers and gentlemen, comrades of my own are there. The planters shall yet know of them *to their own cost*.

ONORA—Ah ! father dear, and so your fighting days are not yet over ?

DONAGH—Not while there is life in me, and a land left to fight for.

ONORA—I must kiss you for pride at that saying. They have not conquered the courage of my brave father.

DONAGH—Nor have they conquered Ireland either.

ONORA—But in Connacht you would surely meet more men yet to bear arms than can be scattered in those hills.

DONAGH—Yes, but my daughter here is a secret I will tell you. None can journey into Connacht without an order from the Council. I have such an order for myself but not for you.

ONORA—How has that come ?

DONAGH—Because I kept it secret that I had any daughter. You are fair to look upon, my little one, and beauty in these wild times is safe only as a hidden treasure. The fever that your mother sickened of has been through all this spring our protection. The soldier to whom our house and lands are allotted refrained from entering into possession. He left me time to nurse my sick and bury my dead ; and for fear of that infection none came prying to the house. So you are undiscovered. If we are gone away before the time of grace expires you are safe.¹ We shall reach the mountain refuge, live there till some way from the coast opens to you. At the Court of France or Spain we shall find a welcome, you and I, Onora, you and I. (*He caresses her.*)

ONORA—Oh, happy dream !

DONAGH—We will be together, little daughter, till you find another dearer than your father.

ONORA (*embracing him*)—That can never be.

(*As she rests with her head upon his shoulder, he suddenly starts and looks towards the wood, then shades his eyes with his hand.*)

DONAGH (*abruptly*)—Come within, let me shut the door.

ONORA (*startled*)—The air is balmy ; it is not cold at all. I shall take no hurt. (*Her father bolts the door without answering, and drawing a curtain across the windows, peers out.*) Oh, father, did you see anyone ? What did you hear ?

DONAGH—Hush, girl, and listen. Horsemen riding in the distance, it may have been, or only the dull rumble of the stream. (*He still gazes out.*)

ONORA—The stream falling down the rocks, it makes a sound like that.

DONAGH—Hush, listen. (*A brief silence.*) I cannot hear inside the house, and with the door closed ; but now I see.

ONORA—You see what ?

DONAGH—Horsemen coming over the ridge of the hill. The sun gleams on their muskets. Ah, they have disappeared into the valley. They have another hill then to climb, and must come slowly. But we need spend no time in watching. There is a place here where I can hide you. It was meant for such a day. (*He slides back the janel. Tosses over a small packet.*) The things I made ready for your journey, here they are. They will be light to carry, and God will give you strength.

ONORA (*who has stepped inside the panel*)—Come, father, I hear the horses now, their voices, too.

DONAGH—Child, it is only you who must hide.

ONORA (*about to spring out*)—I will not leave you when there is danger near.

DONAGH—The danger is more to you. Oh, my dearest one, obey me and question not. I cannot hide, they would stay here to search and find us both. Then I would draw my sword and be killed defending.

ONORA—Then I would only make your danger more; so, father, dear, I will obey.

(*A thundering knock at the door.*)

VOICE—In the name of the Parliament of England, open, I say. (*A pause.*)

DONAGH—I must answer them immediately. Their wrath will increase if I make delay.

VOICE (*and battering of musket butts*)—Open, open, or it will be worse for you.

DONAGH—I will have to go with them to show my papers to the Council, maybe. When they go from the house listen till all is still. Then delay no longer. Onora, if you love me promise

VOICE—Bring a crowbar here. Resistance is made.

ONORA (*faintly*)—I promise.

DONAGH—Creep to the wood and follow the stream against its course. Up past all its waterfalls it will lead you to its source on the mountain. In daylight keep hidden in the heather. At fall of evening seek your way to the glen. My name is known to some there.

ONORA—And you? Will you follow? When?

DONAGH—When God wills.

ONORA—Where will they take you? To England, to Cashel?

DONAGH—Not so far. Hardly so far. Farewell. Lie safe and still. You will hear every voice, every stir. Wait for quietness and then escape, as I have told you. God bless you and good-bye.

ONORA—Good-bye, good-bye. I shall pray for your safety. I shall pray.

(*He draws the panel across.*)

DONAGH—My safety, did she say? Oh! she may pray

for my soul instead. The day of grace is over. The last day of grace is gone by. My life is forfeited to the decree of Cromwell. Yes, my days of life are done.

(Crash, crash, crash, at the door. A window shutter flies back. Clamour and noise is heard, then the door gives way, a press of men rush in, one on top of the other. In the midst of them Gabriel Fairfax, tall, handsome, spiritual-looking, but severe, a book slung at his belt, a drawn sword in his hand; Mr. Barraclough, Simon Kincaid, and others armed.)

GABRIEL—Back, back. You are not now in the breach of Limerick Wall. Back, I say, there is no one here save one man alone.

DONAGH—One man, and he unarmed. *(He stands calmly with folded arms and defiant gaze.)*

SIMON—Nay, now! Have a care! These Irish are wary dogs. An ambush may be intended. There may suddenly come a musket ball out of the door there, or some loft in the ceiling.

(He shrinks back against the wall. Some of the men imitate his caution.)

GABRIEL *(scornfully)*—Now, friend Simon, you need not be afraid.

SIMON—Afraid! Who speaks of fear to me. I merely exhibit the prudence of a true soldier. In Colonel Barebone's company we were drilled in methods of caution.

GABRIEL—That was not our way in Cromwell's Ironsides. *(Laughs.)* Prudence is only another name, I think, for coward fear.

(Tableau here.—Donagh Cavanagh stands alone between the Puritans and the wall panel. Exactly facing him is Gabriel Fairfax with a number of Puritan soldiers. Simon and the cautious ones are near the door peering right and left for fear of a surprise.)

GABRIEL *(to the soldiers)*—And now, my friends, let all that is done be in conformity with law and justice. *(To Donagh.)* Irishman! We have not come into this your house, nor did Cromwell and our army come into this your land for plunder and conquest merely. I have come as he came, to execute justice, and to maintain law. Your nation stands accused, aye, and convicted of foul rebellion, cruel massacre, and impious idolatry.

As Gideon went against the Philistines, as Joshua among the Canaanites, was the coming of our Lord Protector into this land. And as Canaan was shared amongst the Israelites, this land has been divided amongst our army. This house and land have fallen to my lot.

SIMON (*aside*)—The lot has fallen to him in pleasant places. A well-built house and good lands, whilst I have a barren strip of bog.

GABRIEL—In conformity to law and to justice I show my authority. Here is the law of the Council of England.

THE MINISTER—And here is the law of God maintaining him.

(*He, Mr. Barraclough, points to the Book and reads: "Ye shall divide the land unto you by lot."*)

SIMON—Reverend Sir, why show him chapter and verse for it? Will you preach a sermon to him when we stand here in danger of an assault from the rear? Colonel Barebones was accustomed to execute justice and afterwards to show reason for it.

GABRIEL—That was not the way of Cromwell. He had chapter and verse to stand by ere ever he executed his wrath; and I, who am his soldier, will follow his example.

THE MINISTER—Yet there is truth in what our friend Simon says. What need to further expound the law unto him, seeing that the day of grace is gone by?

GABRIEL (*to Donagh*)—What hast thou to say for thyself that thou art not yet ere this gone into Connacht, the day of grace being past? Thou art silent and sulking.

DONAGH—Nay, there was little opportunity for me to speak, seeing that ye were excited by controversy among yourselves. Through such dissension your Commonwealth, as ye call it, may yet come to grief.

SIMON—Now is his tongue loosed, in faith, that was silent so long, and he utters flat treason against the state. What need of further proof?

GABRIEL—Silence, there. The law must be respected. The law and justice demand that the accused have opportunity to answer. Come, speak up for yourself, Irishman. Why are you here and showing resistance, who should be gone long ago across the Shannon?

DONAGH—My papers here from your Council at Cashel, giving permission under seal for me to stay because of the sickness of my wife until the First of May.

GABRIEL (*triumphantly*)—The first of May, and that was yesterday. Had you lost count of days and weeks that you talk so ?

DONAGH—The sickness of my wife, her death—for she is dead—have so bewildered me, I lost count of the flight of time.

GABRIEL—There is plain lying here. Thy wife is dead these many weeks, as thou hast duly certified. Why hast thou delayed here if not to conspire ? Why was the door barred against us if thou hast not meditated some defence ?

SIMON—He must have confederates, as I all along surmised, and now that we are inside his dwelling they may surround us and set fire to it.

GABRIEL—Good Simon, if you apprehend such attack, withdraw and guard the place with a chosen few, whilst we duly try the case.

MINISTER—Nay, now, bring the prisoner forth and all will be well.

SOLDIERS—Aye, Captain Fairfax, that were best to do.

SIMON—He will not run free. I can see to that.

(*Draws his sword and stands guard.*)

DONAGH—Captain Fairfax, as they call you, I make deliverance of my house and lands to you, since I cannot otherwise, and since you talk of fairness and justice in this case, I make bold to suggest how fairly and justly it might be best judged between us, under the open heaven, with the Judge of all flesh for Arbiter. Your sword is ready there at your side ; let me take one in my right hand. God defend the right. (*He wrests Simon's sword from him, and stands in an attitude of defence. Simon flies away to a corner in terror.*)

GABRIEL—Thou art insolent to ask this.

DONAGH—I ask not for my house and lands a fee of such a duel, but merely this, to extend that day of grace which your Council Plantation granted me. Extend it but one day, giving me leave to go away, landless, homeless, exiled ; but free.

GABRIEL—The letter of the law shall be obeyed. Who am I to alter it ?

SOLDIERS—Bring the prisoner forth. Enough has been heard.

DONAGH—Enough, then, I will go. The sword there—you can take its hilt, since you shun its point. Captain Fairfax, you are over-young to be so stern in judgment.

GABRIEL—I do but follow strictly the ruling of the Lord Protector.

DONAGH—And He who is Judge over Cromwell, how shall He be faced by men so stern in judgment towards their fellows? He will yet judge between thee and me, and between thy nation and my nation, and in that awful hour all this will be remembered; the plunder and massacre of women and innocents, the robbery of our lands, the persecution and martyrdom of our priests, the sale into slavery of our tender maidens.

SOLDIERS—Stop his mouth. Bring him forth; we have heard enough.

DONAGH—Ye need not force me, I will go. In the great day of the world's judgment Ireland will be called to answer for her sins; but then, oh, be sure, she will be pitied for her sufferings and crowned for her fidelity. I come, I come. Is it to Cashel ye will take me? (*He flings down his sword. Soldiers rush forward and seize him and drag him away. Exeunt all except Simon and a soldier, they go peeping round the room.*)

SIMON—A good land, fair pastures, and a comely house. Such is the lot of Captain Gabriel Fairfax, and to me has fallen a sour stretch of bog and stony ground over near to the Tories of the Galtees. As for the house, I must build on it, it seems, with my own hands, since there is neither mason nor carpenter left between this and Cork. A fine house and fair lands; and I every whit as good a soldier as he. But come, lest, after all, we be caught in ambush. (*Exeunt.*)

SOLDIER—Aye, they are mounting to ride, let us haste. (*Exeunt, closing door.*)

ONORA—They are gone! Oh, how brave he was—and now I must be quick. This pack, it is not heavy, though I am very weak. (*Opening panel, she comes from the press and goes to a side door.*) This way will bring me soonest to the wood, and I will escape unseen. And yet, dear father, if all is safe, I may look after you. (*She goes to the front door and peeps from it.*) They

are mounted, and riding away. He is mounted, too, on a grey horse. Is it to Cashel they will take him to be tried? He mentioned Cashel at the last, that was for me to hear. Oh, dear, kind hand, I will be lonely wayfaring without thy help. Kind heart, so lonely without cheering of thy love. Will it be long until we meet again? And this, that was my home, where my mother came a happy bride, and where after weary years, she returned to die. He will live in it now, that Puritan Captain, with the cold voice and cruel eye. I saw him though he guessed it not. I witnessed all his derision, all his hate. (*She looks out to the wood.*) Ah! now they are mounting the hill. They ride slowly. Yes, they have stopped under the shade of the trees. How green the trees are, all but the ash. There are no leaves on the ash. The grey horse that bears my father, there it is! I see it plainly among all the rest. I see it plainly under the ash tree. I see! (*She flings up her arms.*) Oh! pitiful saints, that I should live to see! A rope—a rope! They have flung it across the branch. My father rides below. (*She stretches out her arms.*) Father, father, it is for me you are dying; giving your life for mine, and I am dying, too, dying of heartbreak and horror. (*She sinks down.*) No, I must not swoon, I must not die; I must live to avenge him. I am weak, but God will grant me strength. I will pray for strength, for strength. I will pray for his soul, his passing soul; but, oh! if I would live I must look no more. (*She kneels for a while, then with a loud cry falls senseless across the threshold.*)

SCENE II.—*Drop back scene, representing trees in a mountain glen.*

Enter Maurice Fitzgerald and Finian Mac Conmara, two of the "Tory" refugees. They have game slung at their belts, and are dressed in faded and patched garments, but have all the airs and swagger of gay and gallant cavaliers. They come in laughing.

FINIAN (*looking back, halloes through the wood*)—Ho, Art; ho, Donal; bring the plunder up. (*To Maurice*)—I am breathless after that race, but we came well away from the Puritan rascals. Let us rest here and reckon the count of our prey.

MAURICE—The counting will not be easy.

Let those from whom we took it reckon their loss. Why should we be at the trouble ?

FINIAN—So that all may be fairly divided.

MAURICE—Wait till we come to the camp for that. There is danger here. The whey-faced Puritan may collect his wits. Aye, and his neighbours, and come in pursuit.

FINIAN—Let them come. We will leave their carcasses to the wolves, and take the coats off their backs. They, in sooth, will need them no more, and we may make bold to borrow.

MAURICE (brushing his sleeve). Indeed, we are in sad plight enough.

FINIAN—You would not for worlds have appeared thus in the presence of thy Lord Ormond.

MAURICE—It takes more than a grey coat to make a gallant soldier, and truly, I think there was more bravery in the ragged army of Ulster than among the silken cavaliers of the Pale.

FINIAN—Thou art now anything but a silken cavalier, Sir Maurice. Here you are threadbare. Here is a downright hole. Here is another, but it is fairly patched. Pretty Cathlin's handiwork, I warrant.

MAURICE—Now I could pick holes in you, too. See, here, you have come out at elbows ; here you are stained with mire ; here the brambles have rent you, and the worse off you are, Master Finian, not being in the good graces of any pretty Cathlin to patch you.

FINIAN—No need of that. I can wrap me in my Irish mantle (*He pulls his great cloak round him.*) Now might I decently appear in the presence of lord or lady. Commend me to the Irish cloak for ample covering. It is at once my clothing, shelter and defence, and I think also my ornament. Fit to be a soldier's tent, a rebel's couch, and just now (*he flings it off*) it will serve me instead of a sack to carry my share of the plunder.

MAURICE—Halloa, Art ! Ho, Donal ! Here they come. (*Enter Tories with plunder.*) Here they are. Here are we all.

FINIAN—All save Seaghan the Ulsterman.

MAURICE—Where is O'Hanlon ? Where is Seaghan ? Heaven grant the Puritans have not laid hold of him.

FINIAN—Heaven help the Puritans in that case !

ART—I saw Seaghan coming up the hill through the trees. He walked slowly as if heavily laden.

MAURICE—I warrant he has richer plunder than any other of us, for he ventures where others dare not.

FINIAN—Here he comes. He walks slowly. Both arms are round his plunder.

MAURICE—It is plunder of clothing, cloaks and women's gowns he is bringing. Whilst we rifled the farmyard and fields can it be that he crept into the very house ?

FINIAN—Truly, what he carries looks like clothes, gowns, and women's gear. Now look to it, Sir Maurice, that he does not win the pretty Cathlin away from thee. He has rich gifts now to woo her with.

ART—It looks to be women's gowns that he is carrying.

MAURICE (*starting forward*)—No ! blessed saints ; but it is a woman, and beautiful as the day.

(*In the middle of the last sentence—" It is a woman "—Seaghan O'Hanlon strides into the midst of the Tory band carrying Onora in his arms. Her cheek is on his shoulder. Maurice bends, gazing into her face. Seaghan is dressed partly in cowhide, with an orange shirt and ragged blue cloak, shaggy red hair and beard. Seaghan speaks very softly. There is dead silence among the others.*)

SEAGHAN—She is asleep. I found her in the glen by the waterfall. She was frightened and shedding tears. She was shedding bitter tears, but she was not frightened of me. Oh, no, indeed, I know how to speak courteously and softly to noble ladies ; and at my first words she came to me like a lost child to its mother. (*A laugh*). Why do you laugh there ? (*He lets his voice rise.*) Do you think I cannot be polite and courtly as the best of you ? This queenly, bright lady rejoiced to see me, and asked me to lead her to safety. She let me take her in my arms, as she could walk no more. And I went so gently, I held her so tenderly, that she fell asleep thus. (*There is a gentle murmuring among the crowd.*) But if you waken her with your coarse, unmannerly, rough voices, I will break the skulls of you. (*He lets his voice rise ; At the noise Onora shudders and starts awake.*)

ONORA—Father, where are you leading me ?

SEAGHAN—There she is wakening.

MAURICE (*bending towards her*)—Like stars her eyes, like stars !

ONORA (*wildly*)—Oh ! I remember the horses, the ash tree, with no leaves. My father will come no more. (*Seaghan lays her tenderly on a bank, her pack beside her.*)

FINIAN—She has suffered some unutterable woe.

MAURICE—Hush ! she will tell us all.

ONORA—These are not enemies, though they carry swords. I think that I am safe. Where is he who found me ? He had an Irish tongue.

SEAGHAN (*stepping forward*)—Here, queenly lady, am I, your soldier. You remember I found you in the wood. I carried you in my arms, you were asleep.

ONORA—My father bade me journey up by the waterfalls to the heart of the hills. He bade me seek a mountain glen.

SEAGHAN—I will carry you to it.

ONORA—He told me there were Irish soldiers there, his friends.

FINIAN—He knew of us, then ?

ONORA—That was before he died.

MAURICE—Your father is dead ?

ONORA—Yes ! Yes ! But can I speak of it. Yesterday he was alive and strong as you. I was weak and ill. He stayed to guard me ; but indeed, indeed, he never knew it was the First of May. (*She weeps.*)

MAURICE—The First of May.

FINIAN—The first day of God's summer, but, as these Puritans count, the last day of grace, the day of doom.

MAURICE (*grasping his sword*)—I see ! I see ! Poor lady, she has come through some unutterable woe. Her father, who is dead, they have put him to death like many another, *for not transplanting.*

ONORA (*to Maurice*)—Oh ! you look strong and brave, ye are all soldiers, and have swords. In Ireland, when I was a child, there were thousands more like you.

SEAGHAN—And better men, the soldiers of Owen Roe ! The soldiers of Owen Roe !

ONORA—My father told me of them all, and of their battles and victories. He was a soldier, too, and fought in the war of

Ireland. But now—but now—where is that brave army? Where are the Chiefs that led it—where are they? When the people, like helpless sheep, are being driven into the wilderness. I saw them go in the winter before my mother died. They went in the snow and the storms. Out of the fertile land of the pastures, over Shannon and its lakes, into Connacht of the rocks and desolate moorlands. And now, and now, I will tell you what has befallen myself, if indeed, I can bear to speak of it. Our home, my father's lands, were taken away from him; a captain of Cromwell's horsemen.

SEAGHAN—A curse on the name of Cromwell.

ONORA—A captain of Cromwell's horse has come to live there. And that is not all, my father was not gone—because, indeed, he did not know it was yet the First of May—when the Cromwellians found him—but I find I cannot bear to speak of it.

MAURICE—Speak no more of your grief till time has softened the pain.

ONORA—This is a grief that time can never soften. I have not told you how they killed my father.

FINIAN—Nor have you told us your noble father's name. Though, by what you say, he knew of our camp of refuge.

ONORA—My father's name was Donagh Cavanagh.

MAURICE—Dear lady, his name was known to me.

FINIAN—A name known to us all. The name of a gallant soldier.

ONORA—Friends of my father ye are, and ye have swords, I see. He left no son behind him. No son to bear his name; none to avenge his death, and drive out the Cromwellian.

MAURICE—Our swords are yours to command.

ALL—Our swords! Our swords!

ONORA—Which of you, then, will take his body down and lay it in the grave? I will tell you where to go. Down there across the plain land is the house, and on a hill a grove of trees, beeches and sycamores, and blossoming thorns, they are all in leaf except the ash. There are no leaves on the ash. It is on the ash you will find him. (*She sinks back weeping*).

SEAGHAN—Come! give her air and sheathe your swords. She had no need of them, or you, no need at all, of all that crowd of Munstermen, for I had promised to do all for her. And see,

now she is as pale as a *ceanabhan*. You have wearied her with your talk, not remembering she is faint and ill. It is food and rest she wants, and that quickly. Come, queenly one, here ; am I to carry you ? (*He lifts her in his arms, the others lift the plunder.*)

MAURICE—Since he will be your steed, here, too, is your guardian knight.

THE OTHERS—Our swords ! Our swords ! They will avenge you.

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*The Tory Camp in the Galtees. Huts to left and right, and wild mountainous background. Enter Cathlin from the rocks carrying water.*

CATHLIN—Nabla, mother Nabla, I say, stir up your fire, here is fresh water from the brook to fill your pot.

NABLA—The fire is aglow this long time. Faith, colleen, you were long in coming a little way. I was nimbler than you in youth.

CATHLIN (*laying down the cans and panting*)—Ay, but that little way was up the mountain side; thou hadst not to carry water cans up a mountain.

NABLA—Nay, but I could have done it if need be. I was as blithsome and lightfooted as a young goat in my day. Ay, and comely, too, comely, too. (*Looking at her*) The boys told me that often.

SHEEVE—Ochon! time brings changes, wonderful changes.

NABLA (*furiously*)—Do not mock at me toothless one!

SHEEVE—Do not scold the colleen, then. If you were ever young and fair as she (though it is hard to believe it), maybe you were delayed sometimes carrying water from the spring well.

NABLA (*appeased*)—Many a time, many a time!

SHEEVE—Well, then, Nabla, woman dear, I think you should offer to be water-carrier now. No one would delay thee, I warrant.

CATHLIN (*who has filled the pots, comes between the scolds*)—Come, now, lend a hand, lift it to its hook. I could have the meal cooked, ay, and eaten while you two are scolding. Hook it up, stir the flame.

SHEEVE—Soon the water will boil.

NABLA—What, what is to go in it, I ask? There is poor feeding on these mountains—very poor feeding. A pot of boiling water is but thin broth, and it will come to that with us yet. I had done better to have stayed in service with the Puritans. I should, at least, have had crumbs to gather and bones to gnaw.

CATHLIN—Always grumbling, Nabla! Be thankful thou

hast escaped from the Puritans. Why, woman, they would have made soup of thee.

SHEEVE (*laughing*)—Aha, aha. A merry word lifts the woe from a heavy heart. Thou hast ever the merry word, Cathlin. (*She claps her on the back, then bends over her.*) But, whisper, colleen! Tell old Sheeve a secret. Whom did you meet coming from the brook? Whom did you meet, alanna, and how often were you kissed?

CATHLIN (*turns away impatiently*) (*aside*). Och! and if she knew how the jest wounds a sore heart. (*She turns and laughs*)! Whist, now, for ye know well it is not fair to kiss and tell. There's a rann for you, and neatly rhymed—but what about the dinner? I must bustle around, or we shall come, as Nabla fears, to clay porridge and whinstone soup. I will call Seaghan O'Hanlon. I will call Seaghan. He is never without a bird or a rabbit in his snare, and the best of his is always given to the women. Seaghan! Seaghan O'Hanlon, Seaghan, I say!

SEAGHAN (*entering*)—Who calls? What is wanted now? Anything wanted for my noble lady?

CATHLIN—Food is wanted for her, Seaghan.

NABLA—Food for all of us, good man. A plump duck from the Puritan's farmyard, or what you will. It is long since I tasted the like.

SHEEVE—Nay, now, Nabla, be content.

SEAGHAN—Duck, indeed, farmyard duck. I have none now, maybe I will have some soon. When the moon is gone, but it is not for you I will risk my neck to get it, Nabla.

CATHLIN—Talk no more of what will be boiled or roasted a month hence. The pot here is plumping for something. Have you a bird at all, or a hare?

SEAGHAN (*flinging birds to her*) Here are birds—one, two, three. One for you to pluck, Cathlin; one for Nabla, and one for Sheeve. I have a hare here. I will skin and roast it myself. It is for the noble young lady, Onora. I will not have it go into the pot with the food of common people.

CATHLIN (*peevishly*)—Indeed, then, Seaghan O'Hanlon, you are a fool to be toiling, seeing she has Sir Maurice, the cavalier, to hunt for her, ay, and to walk with her by the brook between sunset and rise of the moon.

SEAGHAN—It is a fool you are yourself, Cathlin Ni Collagh, to name her with the name of Maurice Fitzgerald, a King's man, a Cavalier, a soldier of Ormond. It is the son of the noble Owen Roe O'Neill she will be marrying one day. It is for him I am guarding her. And when the London Parliament falls, as did their King's crown, O'Neill will come to his own, and 'tis she will be queen of Ireland.

CATHLIN—If that is the way of it, Seaghan O'Hanlon, King O'Neill should be here watching his bride, and not have her walking by the brook with a handsome young lover.

SEAGHAN—There is no word of truth in what you are saying Cathlin. There is never the light of a smile in her eyes as she looks at the Fitzgerald. I alone it was who made her taste food when she came among us; when she was like to die of wasting grief I was the first to make her speak, when she had sat many days dumb for sorrow. I spoke to her of vengeance, of driving out the Cromwellians, I told her of the many Sassenachs I slew at the storming of Clonmel. It is I only who can bring the smile to her eyes, the laugh to her lips.

CATHLIN (*flinging back her head and laughing*). The laugh, indeed, that is true. We all laugh at you, Seaghan O'Hanlon. Who could help but laugh.

(*She laughs wildly as Maurice is seen in the background guiding Onora down the rocks.*)

SEAGHAN—Come, merry Cathlin, come, we want your help here. Watch the pot. There are cakes to bake.

(*Exeunt Sheeve and Nabla.*)

SEAGHAN—Fitzgerald and my Lady Onora. Can there be truth in what she says? He is all unworthy of her, a King's man, a Cavalier; but there is little sense in a woman when she comes to love.

ONORA (*brightly*)—Why, Seaghan, my true friend and preserver, have you been hunting again on my behalf? There is food cooking here, I warrant.

SEAGHAN (*kissing her hand*). You shall never want a supper while I live, lady, should I bring it cooked from the Puritan's table.

MAURICE—And Cathlin here has a deft hand to cook what Seaghan catches.

CATHLIN—You knew that of old, Sir Maurice.

MAURICE—Maybe the Lady Onora will bid me sup here to-night.

SEAGHAN (*angrily*)—Faith, then, 'tis I have a say in that, since I made provision only for the women.

MAURICE—You say that angrily, O'Hanlon.

SEAGHAN—It is in the camp of the men you should sup, Sir Maurice. I will say no more than that. I am going there to make ready. Come before long; but if you are bidden stay, yes, stay if *she* bids you, but I will stay no longer. (*Exit.*)

ONORA—He spoke angrily, Sir Maurice. I wonder why he should be angry with you?

MAURICE (*sinking his voice*)—He is angry because he sees us together. I think he is angry because I love you, Onora.

CATHLIN—He is talking softly to her now. Whispering love words in her ear. And once, ah, once—he smiled on me. (*She turns to go out.*) There is bread to bake, dear lady. Have an eye to the fire there, I must be gone. (*Exit.*)

MAURICE (*starting*)—I had forgotten she was there, I had forgotten. (*He takes Onora's hand*). Sit here and let me talk to you. (*They sit down together.*)

ONORA—Seaghan O'Hanlon spoke in great rage. I am sorry that he went away like that. He was very good to me, you know. Why is he angry with me now?

MAURICE—I think he does not wish you to love me, Onora. But why should you think of him? Give me your hand again and look at me as you did there at the brook. Then when you let me kiss you——

ONORA—My hand only. Indeed, I did but say that you might kiss my hand.

MAURICE—Yes, but who could stay at that command. Once the hand was a prisoner the lips were at my mercy, as now.

(*He bends as if to kiss her again.*)

ONORA—No! No! It cannot be again. Once, no more, and I cannot tell how it happened. In the twilight there with soft airs around us it was easy to forget, and you told me to forget.

MAURICE—Yes, Onora, I have asked you to forget all your sorrow. I will make you happy with my love. You are too young to grieve. I ask you to forget.

ONORA—That is not what Seaghan says ; when he is talking to me he tells me *never to forget*. He tells me one day there must be vengeance for my father's death. One day the Cromwellians who killed him must be driven out from our home, from our land. Oh ! talk to me no more of love. I cannot rest till this is done.

(*She rises and paces to and fro, Maurice follows and takes her hand again.*)

MAURICE (*soothingly*)—Poor little hand. Little white hand trembling in mine like a wounded bird, and feel the strength in mine ? Is it with your own weak hand you will take vengeance, Onora, or will you not rather give all your load of grief to me to bear ? Will you not have me for a lover, a husband, a protector ? This revenge will be then my duty. My sword is at your service. One day I will lead you again a bride to your father's home. We will be happy then there.

ONORA—You think this can be ?

MAURICE—I know it and swear it ; my sword is dedicated to the righting of your wrong.

ONORA—Ah, now, you talk like Seaghan ; I like to hear you talk like that.

MAURICE—And may I speak of love ?

ONORA—Ah, no ! Ah, no ! not now. Believe me, it would not be well for you to ask an answer now. Wait, Maurice, wait.

MAURICE—Till when ? It is hard to wait. Why are you cruel to me, Onora ?

ONORA—You could not wed me now. Even if I promised it could not be now. Wait till it is possible. Wait till a priest is here. Wait till my heart is sure.

MAURICE—A priest—I cannot go to seek one. They are hidden like wild beasts in their lairs. They are disguised like beggars in the land, but sometimes, and especially at the holy seasons, they venture boldly to our refuge camps. At Easter we had Father Anthony, a Franciscan. They have hanged him since, I hear ; but at Christmas another may come, and Christmas is not far.

ONORA—Wait, Maurice, wait ! Indeed, I do not think I love you yet. I have been dreaming of revenge, not love—I have been dreaming of revenge.

MAURICE (*confidently*)—Sorrow will fade away as time goes by, joy instead will blossom like a flower, and I Onora, will wait till the blossoming day. You have given my heart hope. I wait in hope.

ACT II.—SCENE II.—*The Tory camp. Winter. Snow on the hill-peaks. A group of Tories sit or lounge among the rocks. Finian and Maurice in front.*

FINIAN—It is time to set the night watch.

MAURICE—Yes, it is time. And every night a strict watch must be kept. I hear how the winter through the Puritan men have hunted in the hills by order from their Councils. Three burdensome beasts of prey, the proclamation says, are to be driven from the land.

FINIAN—Three burdensome beasts of prey! How do they make out three?

MAURICE—The wolf, the priest, the Tory. That is a name they have for us and all outlaws of the bogs and mountains.

FINIAN—The holy priests to be hunted like the wolves! That is inhuman.

MAURICE—But they consider the priest a more dangerous beast than any wolf. The price set upon his head is greater.

FINIAN—And tell me, now, according to the proclamation, what may this head of mine be worth?

MAURICE—Ten pounds in gold is given for a common Tory. Seaghan there or Donal would bring that, but for you and me the price is greater. If the opinion of your captors equals your own, your head will be worth some twenty pounds.

FINIAN—Twenty pounds! in sooth a good price. But it is worth more than that to me as it stands; so I think I will keep it on.

MAURICE—It is strange that the planters yonder have not yet gathered force to attack us.

FINIAN—Aha, I will tell you why. Seaghan O'Hanlon has the news from an Irish herdsman who is in service with the foreigner. You know that Simon Kincaid whose farm we harried? It is to him we owe our safety.

MAURICE—How can that be?

FINIAN—To excuse his own cowardice that he did not drive us off, he reported that we were at least 200, and so they fear to come against us.

MAURICE—In the end that will be our destruction. They will bring a host against us when they can.

FINIAN—Ay, but it will be some time before that is possible.

MAURICE—How now about the guard? Men, we must set our sentinels.

TORIES—We are ready.

FINIAN—Who for the first watch?

MAURICE—Donal, Art, and you, and you, and you, and Seaghan O'Hanlon, too.

SEAGHAN—Set me at the outmost craig, far down the mountain side. There I can see the glow and light from the Puritan's house, and dream of extinguishing it.

MAURICE—Yes, but beware of wolves. The wolves are hungry now and dangerous as the planters.

SEAGHAN—I do not fear the wolves.

FINIAN—Indeed, Seaghan, I think you do not fear anything that lives, man or beast.

MAURICE—Who shall command the watch? You, Finian, or me?

FINIAN—Draw lots, Sir Maurice.

(*They toss a sword. Enter Cathlin and Onora, arm-in-arm.*)

MAURICE—Good-night, my Lady Onora. Good-night, and for a little while farewell. I go on guard on the first watch.

ONORA (*tenderly*)—It is cold to-night. See you are warmly clad. Seaghan has a wolf-skin you should wrap about you.

MAURICE—Indeed, I shall take no harm.

ONORA—And must you sit there on the icy rocks whilst we rejoice in the glow of the fire?

MAURICE (*softly*)—It will warm my heart, Onora, to know that you are thinking of me; and at night, when I return, maybe you will be waiting to welcome me. Remember, it is your life I guard, Onora. (*Onora fastens his cloak.*)

CATHLIN—Tender words now he is whispering to her. Love words as once to me; but those were lightly spoken, and for pastime. Now he loves, indeed, and I think he is loved again.

MAURICE—Good-night; 'remember me. (*To the men.*)
Men, to your posts.

SEAGHAN—I go to the outmost post, and so must go away before you, Lady Onora.

ONORA—Yes, Seaghan. (*She answers: but is still fixing Maurice's cloak, without turning round.*)

SEAGHAN—Lady Onora, I will look away across the valley to where your home lies, and I will repeat threats of destruction to him who inhabits it. (*She turns, leaves Maurice, and goes to clasp Seaghan's hand in gratitude.*)

MAURICE—What use in threats?

SEAGHAN—Some day they will be fulfilled. (*Exit.*)

ONORA—Some day, I wonder when?

MAURICE—Good-night, Onora. (*Exit with all the men.*)

ONORA—Sir Maurice is a noble gentleman.

CATHLIN—He is truly a noble gentleman, and should have a lady as nobly born for wife.

ONORA—This is no time to talk of marrying. We are outcasts here. Outcasts without home, without lands.

CATHLIN—The more need then for love. They say it can make a home in the wilderness.

ONORA—Do you think so truly?

CATHLIN—How should I know? How should I know? I am a fool to talk as if I knew aught of love.

ONORA—Here comes Finian MacConmara back again and others with him.

CATHLIN—Now we shall be merry. We shall have many a jest, many a song and dancing, may be. I want to be glad, to dance.

(*Enter Finian, with Tories, carrying wood.*)

FINIAN—Come this way. Lay the wood here. It is not needed yet. Our fuel being somewhat scarce, I think one fire may serve, and so have bidden my men to come and have share of yours. With your leave, lady, and Cathlin there, I know will be glad of the cheer of our company.

ONORA—You have my leave and welcome.

CATHLIN—I am glad, indeed, to see you. Come here, come here. Seat yourselves all. The ground is cold, lay the logs round, there is room for all.

(*Enter Sheeve, Nabla and others.*)

NABLA—Room for all, you say. Then make room for me. It is a cold night ; there is hoar frost on the heath, and my old bones need warming. Oh, I am freezing cold.

(She chatters and shivers.)

SHEEVE *(cheerfully)*—It is cold, indeed, but the gladder we should be of the merry company. There are boys who can warm their own limbs by dancing and lift our heavy hearts with song.

NABLA—A song, indeed. Och, you are easy satisfied, Sheeve. You are very easy satisfied. A song may lift the heart but it will not fill the stomach, and it would fit these idle lumps of boys to be out seeking food for us, rather than waste their time dancing. We will starve to death, I think ; we will starve to death. Och ! Och, we will be frozen into icicles *(her teeth chatter, she crouches to the fire)*, or the snow will fall and bury us.

SHEEVE—This is dismal talk.

ONORA—Poor woman, she is old.

SHEEVE—No reason that for her to cast the weight of her woe on the hearts of the young. I have suffered, lady dear. I had three brave boys. There, I will say no more, but I have none now, not one.

ONORA—You, too, have lost your dear ones, and do not forget.

SHEEVE—No, I will never forget ; but it is in my praying I remember them. At such a time as this I would do my best to make young hearts light.

ONORA *(nestling near her)*—You are wise and kind.

SHEEVE—Now, boys, will you sing or dance ? Dance ! I will sing the lilt of a tune to you. My voice is shrill and cracked, but others here can help.

FINIAN—A dance, a dance. Come Cathlin, face me here. Up, boys, the step of the dance will warm your toes, and save fuel, too.

(Some of the Tories stand to dance, others sit and help to lilt with Sheeve. Onora retires aside. Nabla croaks and cowers at the fire. One Tory, who has been standing on a rock, interrupts suddenly.)

TORY—What is that ? A shout, captain, I heard a shout. *(The dancers stop in alarm.)*

FINIAN—Hush ! hush ! and listen.

TORY—I heard a faint halloa.

FINIAN—Yes, there it is again. Men, take your arms. Come follow me and find shelter behind the rocks to guard the ascent. (*To the women*)—If you hear a shot—one shot—you will know that all is well. That is the signal for a friend. If you hear the sound of fighting, Cathlin, you know the hiding-place. Guide the women there.

CATHLIN—It is a little cave beyond the crest of the hill. We can hide the mouth with bushes, and lie there in hiding while the fighting goes on.

ONORA—Shall we go now?

CATHLIN—Not yet. Wait for the signal.

NABLA—I will not go at all. It is a hole in the ground.

SHEEVE—Nonsense. You must come.

NABLA—I tell you I will not budge an inch. Am I a rabbit to go into a burrow on all fours? Am I a rabbit, I say?

SHEEVE—More like a spiteful cat; but come you must. (*Drags her*).

NABLA—No, they will smoke us out. I am safer here. If they take me prisoner I will offer to go away in their service; I have had enough of penury.

ONORA—There goes the signal.

CATHLIN—Wait, there may be another.

ONORA—No other; that means safety, and I hear now the sound of voices cheering. I hear his voice.

CATHLIN (*aside*)—She means, Sir Maurice, she listens for his voice, and I truly think she loves him. Well, why should I grieve, who love them both. Heaven grant them happiness.

ONORA—Here they come. Whom do they lead?

CATHLIN—Some friend. Someone who has wandered to us over the mountains.

ONORA—A grey-haired, feeble old man in very ragged clothes.

(*Enter the Tories climbing down rocks. Maurice assists a ragged grey-haired old man.*)

MAURICE—Put your foot here. Hold my hand for the rocks are slippery. Here, come this way. Lean on me still. It is too dark for your eyesight.

FINIAN—You will find safety here and rest. You are very weary.

(They reach the middle of the rocks. The Tories crowd round him with cries of welcome.)

A WOMAN—A thousand welcomes to you.

ANOTHER—We were long, so long without you.

SHEEVE—And Christmas near ! Sure angels guided you to us. His angels, Father, who was born at Christmas. *(All kneel.)*

ONORA *(in wonder)*—She calls him father. They kneel, they kiss his hands. He looks like a starving beggar, and yet she called him father.

CATHLIN—He is a holy priest.

ONORA—*(kneels, too, and bows her head)*—A blessing, oh, a blessing. The blessing of the holy Christmas time. *(All rise.)*

MAURICE—*(coming)*—The marriage blessing. He is here at last, Onora, who can give it.

ONORA—I was not thinking of it. Oh, indeed, Maurice, Sir Maurice, I have other thoughts. I have thoughts of pain and sorrow, and terrible thoughts of vengeance.

MAURICE—My love will ease you of them. My love, Onora. Dearest one, your father would have wished it. Your hand now, we are plighted.

ONORA—What, against my will ! Without my word of promise ! This is a soldier's wooing.

MAURICE—We must be hastily wedded, the priest is here now—will be among us three days or so, then he will go away.

ONORA—Indeed I cannot say if my heart is for him ; but with my will or against it, it seems he will wed me, except I should call Seaghan O'Hanlon there to guard me.

(The priest is brought to the fire.)

SHEEVE—A cloak—an old brown cloak—get this rope for girdle ; it is like your holy habit and seemlier than the rags.

FINIAN—Sit here, father. Sit here. Do not crowd about him. Here is a bowl of broth.

CATHLIN—Here is some bread.

NABLA—It was I that stirred the broth ; but father dear, there is poor feeding in this place, very poor feeding.

ONORA—Seaghan, come here beside me. Come, Seaghan, and tell me, was it you who found the priest.

SEAGHAN—It was this way, lady. I was in the rock there, looking out into the valley, looking for the far-off light in the

planter's house. All of a sudden I heard a crackling of the snow.

(They walk away to the rocks at the back, and continue to talk. Maurice looks after them.)

FINIAN—Now, Father, tell us news. You have been through the country. Oh! tell us news.

SEAGHAN—Is there any talk of another war?

NABLA—Is there any talk of peace and quietness, and beds to sleep on instead of sods, with stones for pillows?

FATHER MICHAEL—Oh! I have much to tell; but I will be here three days. I will have time to tell all. Many a sad tale there is for telling. I will tell you how Brother Dominic was caught and hanged. How two score more were shipped to the Barbadoes, but the Lord saved me out of their hands. Then I went clad like a beggar.

FINIAN—You went among them?

FATHER MICHAEL (*triumphantly*)—I have been in their service, have driven their cattle, hewed their wood, carried their water, reaped their harvests in Limerick, in Cork, by the Suir. I have wandered far, wandered far, and everywhere I found some poor stray lambs of the flock, living in servitude, and everywhere I brought the comfort of that Holy Presence to the dying.

SHEEVE—And to us you have come for the Christmas Mass on the top of the mountain.

(Seaghan and Onora join the group.)

SEAGHAN—Tell us whether you saw anywhere destruction and ruin, desolation and death, by fire or sword, wrought against the Sassenachs.

FATHER MICHAEL—I saw plunderings made by many a band of outlaws like yourselves. Tories they call you.

FINIAN—They have learned to fear the Tories.

FATHER MICHAEL—I saw such plundering done, and also, alas! retribution for it. Prisoners captured, many hangings, but I saw—you will rejoice to hear it—signs that this cunningly-devised plantation is like to come to wreck.

MAURICE—It cannot last. Is there any news yet of help from France?

FATHER MICHAEL—There is news of help from Heaven. Judgment, judgment—Heaven's judgment shall destroy them.

ONORA—What have you seen?

FATHER MICHAEL—Fierce quarrels amongst the Cromwellians. Burning envy of those whose lot has fallen on good land. There is a court sitting at Cashel. It will have enough to do to decide their wrangles. Some have gone back to England in anger, saying it was cheatery of Cromwell to devise the paying-off of his army by giving grants of land in Ireland.

FINIAN—Aha ! Do they accuse Cromwell ?

FATHER MICHAEL—Then, there is another thing which bodes well for us. Their plantation cannot outlast a generation. They are nearly all wifeless. The English women fear to come to the wilds of Ireland, Wifeless, childless, without heirs to inherit, they shall be blotted out from our midst.

MAURICE—No danger, is there, that they should persuade or force women of Ireland to be wives to them for want of better.

FATHER MICHAEL—That is forbidden. Their laws forbid it, and our Church, and the law of Nature. And yet it has sometimes happened in spite of all.

ONORA—Oh ! infamous thought. How horrible.

FATHER MICHAEL—You would laugh outright to hear of how one of their chief men, he was planted near Kilmallock, was ruined outright by such a bridal.

ALL—Tell us of it.

FATHER MICHAEL—She was handsome and gay, and somehow took his heart. He wooed and wedded her, concealing that she was Irish and a Catholic.

ONORA—That was hard to manage without discovery.

FATHER MICHAEL—Discovery came after the marriage.

CATHLIN—What happened then ?

FATHER MICHAEL—He was brought before the Council, condemned to what ?—Oh ! think of it—to be transplanted along with her, bag and baggage, into Connacht, as if he was also Irish. What think you of that ? (*Laughter.*)

SEAGHAN (*grimly*)—He will have hard knocks from those he goes among.

ONORA—Could it have been a trick of the woman's—a trick for vengeance ?

MAURICE—Impossible. No woman's mind could devise such a trick. No woman's heart consent to it.

ONORA—Yet, what men achieve by their weapons, women

must with their wits. It may have been a cunning trick of the woman's. Tell us more, father.

SEAGHAN—Nay, now; the priest is tired. 'Tis ye who should be preparing to tell him the long lists of your sins.

SHEEVE—And at Christmas, oh! at Christmas, the midnight mass at the mountain top. To think of it! The angels guided him. (*Exeunt.*)

MAURICE (*looking around*)—And now they are gone, Onora. All are gone but you and I, we are alone together. (*Re-enter Cathlin.*)

ONORA—Hush! here is Cathlin.

CATHLIN—I came, dear lady—but no matter, I see you have Sir Maurice with you. (*Exit.*)

MAURICE—We are alone, together. And now, Onora; my love, Onora. I may claim you as my bride. The priest is here to bless us. Will you give me now—we are alone—your plighted vow. The kiss too long denied.

ONORA—Indeed, Sir Maurice, this is too sudden an asking.

MAURICE—Do not play with me—do not pain me any more. You know you pain me. Do not turn away your face. Let me look in your eyes. I think I will find there the answer which, for some cruel reason, your lips refuse to give.

ONORA (*proudly*)—In my eyes you see nothing, I think, but grief and cruel memories.

(*She gives both her hands and looks steadily into his face.*)

MAURICE—I see your eyes, it is enough. The beauty of them entrances my soul. I could gaze for ever.

ONORA—Do not praise my beauty; if your wooing would be earnest do not speak too much of love, of happiness. Speak to me instead of vengeance! vengeance!

MAURICE—Now, you are kind, you teach me how to woo. Kind teacher. Then, Onora, I ask no more than that you take me for your lover. Take me, choose me before all the world as your father's avenger.

ONORA—If I choose, what will happen then?

MAURICE—The burden, dearest, will be lifted off your heart. I will bear it for you. You will have room for gentler thoughts, for thoughts of love and me.

ONORA—And you? Tell me what plan you have? I have

wracked my brain through sleepless nights wondering what could be done. You see he is there, the Cromwellian, in my father's house. I cannot think, but Maurice, you are wiser ; how can we drive him thence ?

MAURICE (*drawing her to him*)—Poor, weary heart—you must not trouble any more. Now, now, Onora, you are mine indeed. (*He kisses her.*)

ONORA—But tell me what can be done ?

MAURICE—When we are wedded you can come with me, and you could not go without your husband to the Court of France. There we will see many noble soldiers, many brave gentlemen eager to draw their swords against the Parliament. Before long, in a little time, there will be dissensions amongst these Commonwealth men. The country will weary of their sour faces and long sermons. Then, beloved, there will be mustering of gallant men—councils of war in secret.

The ships will sail, fair winds prevail,

And the King will enjoy his own again.

ONORA (*draws herself up haughtily*)—The King ! What King do you speak of now ?

MAURICE—Our rightful King—Charles, the son of Charles. He will come again. Your father's lands then, Onora, shall be your own. The planters all will flee. Cromwell himself shall hang as high as a steeple when he comes back over the channel sea.

ONORA—You mean the exiled Prince ?

MAURICE—He shall be crowned the King of England.

ONORA (*standing back and facing him*)—But of Ireland, never.

MAURICE—Do not vex your little head with politics—come, here is my sword, give me your hand, and I swear to run your father's murderer through the body when the King comes to his own.

ONORA—Do not touch my hand. It cannot be yours.

MAURICE—Onora !

ONORA—My father fought against your King. He fought for Ireland 'always,' for Ireland only, against both Crown and Parliament. Your sword, Sir Maurice, is pledged to right that King. It cannot avenge my rebel father. Yes, *rebel* you would call him. (*She turns away*)

MAURICE—Your words are very wild. Why should this matter? I can tell you—you will find no better husband—no born gentleman like me is among your rebel Irishry. You will find no other avenger.

ONORA—There is Seaghan O'Hanlon.

MAURICE—What! That wild man of the Woods your suitor!

ONORA—Oh, no. You are much mistaken. He has never touched my hand, the hem of my cloak, except in reverence. I do not look for a suitor in these wild times. I looked for an avenger—and Seaghan O'Hanlon, you will remember, laid my father in the grave, and he always talks of how we must drive out the puritans.

MAURICE—I have told you of how only that can be.

ONORA—Urge it no more.

MAURICE—No, I will bring the priest. Priests sometimes know how to talk of politics to a woman.

ONORA—Many priests speak against the King as I have spoken.

(She turns aside, locking her hands together, in deep meditation.)

MAURICE *(aside)*—Her heart had melted to me, her eyes looked love in mine. I will win her yet. Yes, I will bring the priest to-morrow. Onora, good-night! To-morrow you will be kinder. *(exit.)*

ONORA—Not *his* sword—not his. He is pledged to serve the King. Oh! I am weak, when he moved me so with tender words, with kisses, I felt it would be easy to forget. I felt that I would be happy far across the sea, leaving the murderer, the supplanter there to be the judgment of Heaven. *(She pauses, then commences to reason with herself.)* Yes, vengeance comes from Heaven, but not in fire, not often by the thunderbolt or angel of pestilence. No sudden miracle of justice strikes the transgressor down. Some heart, some suffering, maddened heart is fired. Some hand, maybe a woman's weak hand like mine, is found a willing instrument of vengeance. And I am willing—it is my desire. Ah! more than anything, that with the help of Heaven, I may avenge my father. But how? I am so weak—how could it be done? How easily, as Father Michael told, the woman lured that soldier at Kilmallock to his destruction. He lost his plunder of lands,

his home, his all, and followed her to Connacht. Once over the Shannon, I am sure she laughed at him and left him. I would have done so—it was a woman's way of vengeance. I would have done so had I been she—but, oh! terrible thought, and yet no other way ever stood clear before me as this does now. That could be my way of vengeance. Have I courage for it? Have I cunning? Have I beauty? I have been praised for my beauty. Hate, I think, will make me very brave. Oh! to think that in this way I might lure from my father's house his murderer. Cold, cruel eyes. Harsh, taunting voice, well I remember you. Yes, I will go and drive out the Cromwellians and execute vengeance. It must be done. And I—and I. Oh! father, there is no other. I must do it. (*She retires a few steps, pauses, considering.*) In some poor herdsman's hut I can hide disguised; but I must go before he comes again with soft persuasive words, before he brings the priest. I must go to-night or it would be never.

(*She retires to the back—Cathlin comes out from a hut door.*)

CATHLIN—Now, Lady Onora, you are late in the winter air. Surely you will come in to rest.

ONORA—Kathleen, dear, give me my hooded cloak. I will walk a little way across the hill.

CATHLIN—Surely not alone.

ONORA—Oh! not alone. (*aside*) I have sad thoughts for company and memories. (*To Cathlin*) No, not alone, but wrap my cloak around me and ask no questions.

CATHLIN (*wraps the cloak around her, then kisses her hand*)—God bless you in your going—in your going—and give you all your heart's desire.

ONORA—You will be glad that you said that when you know my reasons; but now I cannot tell you. (*She turns to go.*)

CATHLIN—Ah! I can understand it. Now, that the priest is here they can have the blessing said, which gives them leave to be together, and he has long desired it. (*Looks up to Onora on the rocks.*) She goes to meet her love—her husband. He waits for her under the stars, and I—Oh! I—till morning light can only pray for their happiness and for easing of my own heart's grief. Yes, I can pray for them, and yet in my praying I must weep.

(Exit to hut. Onora stands alone in the background, cloaked for the journey.)

ONORA—I can see the way down to the valley—a long, lonely way, and yet, and yet, I go on it, though grieving—without reluctance—without fear. I leave behind all thoughts of love and happy life. My father's memory, my country's woes, wronged Ireland's woes, inspire me. I go in quest of vengeance.

SCENE III.—*The same place at day dawn. Enter Maurice and the priest.*

MAURICE—It is a cold morning. Snow has fallen in the night.

FATHER MICHAEL—It will cover my foot-tracks up the hill, and foot-tracks, too, of many a poor fugitive. The snow of Heaven is welcome. How beautiful in their unsullied mantle are the mountains now.

MAURICE—These are the women's huts.

FATHER MICHAEL—Where is the lady you have chosen to wed?

MAURICE—She has not come forth yet. She has not come forth. Oh! father, you must reason with her. Her heart is full of sorrow, and she talks wildly of refusing my proffered love.

FATHER MICHAEL—I cannot bless an unwilling bride.

MAURICE—No, I am sure she loves me; yesterday she confessed it, and then, oh! then I stumbled into talking of State affairs. She talked, as women will, of what they do not understand. You must reason with her.

FATHER MICHAEL—She may confide in me and ease her heart of grief, and so in counselling her I may help you, too, and unite both in blessed union,

(Cathlin comes out of a hut door and gazes at Maurice.)

MAURICE—Ah! here is one who will bring her to us. Cathlin, go and bring out to us the Lady Onora.

CATHLIN—Why, Sir Maurice, last night, it was very late, she went up the rocks. She has not returned.

MAURICE—Gone! Lost, O Cathlin! Why was I not summoned?

CATHLIN—I thought, indeed I thought, she had gone to

her bridal. (*aside*) I will not tell I wept to think of it till morning light.

MAURICE (*in distraction*)—She has fled from me. She has fled. Some other lover has stolen her. Misery ! Madness ! I care to live no more.

(*He flings himself down, Cathlin bends over him.*)

FATHER MICHAEL—Those are sinful words.

CATHLIN—Sir Maurice ! Sir Maurice ! The priest says you are talking sin. You must live to find her ; you will be happy yet.

(*Enter Seaghan and other Tories.*)

MAURICE—No ; 'tis the wolves will find her. She was mad, I think, to fly from my kissing out into the snowy hills. She was mad, I think. She spoke wild words against his Majesty.

CATHLIN—Seaghan O'Hanlon, have you heard ? Do you see ? Oh ! help ! The Lady Onora is lost. Sir Maurice will break his heart with weeping.

(*She kneels and flings her arms round his knees.*)

FATHER MICHAEL—Such grief is awful.

SEAGHAN—I will not weep though there is reason. I have never wept. I was born to make others weep instead, but now there is a fire of fury in my heart ; tears would cool it—tears such as he sheds there. And so, and so, I will not weep, though I could do it, too.

MAURICE—She is six hours gone at least. By this she is far away, or else she is dead—dead of cold, or devoured by wolves ; none will ever find her.

SEAGHAN—I found her first. Now, I will seek her. Some day, perhaps, I will touch her shapely hand, or I will kill the man who has harmed her. Anyhow I will go and seek for her. While life lasts I shall seek. (*Exit.*)

MAURICE—She is lost and gone. Oh ! Cathlin, she is lost to me for ever.

(*He rests his head on her shoulder. A group stands around in deep sympathy. Cathlin bends over him, caressing his hair, and whispering to him in comfort.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*In the house of Donagh Cavanagh, as in Scene I., Act I., but with certain alterations in the furnishings. There are books on the table, and muskets slung up everywhere. Hosea, an old trooper is engaged in cleaning some of the guns. He is slow and lazy in his movements. As the curtain rises he is cleaning a musket barrel, lays it down with a yawn, and wipes his brow as if suffering from over-exertion, then he turns to the door and calls loudly.*

HOSEA—Teig, Teig, Irish Teig, come here, I say. Has the 'Tory rascal not English enough to come at his own name? A dog has wit enough for that. Teig, I say, Teig. Ha, here comes the lazy, good-for-nothing rascal. Here he comes.

TEIG (*a small, dark, nimble Irishman enters at full race*)—I was in the wood, mighty Englishman. I was in the wood tying up faggots; but when I heard your voice I ran—I ran at once. What are your orders, mighty Englishman?

HOSEA (*reclining back in a chair, with his feet up, looks very stern*)—Humph. In the wood you were. Not idling, I hope? It was not to lie dozing in the sun that you were spared from transplanting to Connacht. As the Scripture says, "In the sweat of your brow you shall eat your bread."

TEIG (*smiling*)—Ha, you called me to my meal, gracious Englishman? Here is my sweat, where is the bread?

HOSEA (*sternly*)—Of a verity you are making a mock of me and of the Holy Scripture which I quoted; and your mind is for ever running on things of the flesh. "He who does not work shall not eat." (*He takes a pull at the beer mug.*) I could give you an exposition on the subject of industry if I had a mind. Among other things we must take means to cure you Irish people of laziness—that is, those who are left among us, and to whom we are bound to be an example; but time would now be lost in preaching. There is work to be done before your master, Captain

Fairfax, comes home. Come, give an account of yourself, Irish Teig. What work have you done in these two hours since he went out over the moor?

TEIG—I have stacked the wood—I have drawn the water. Ten—ten and five more, twenty pails of water from the well to the barrel I have carried.

HOSEA—Humph, what more?

TEIG—I have swept the stable—cleaned the yard, and put fresh straw for the horses and pigs also. I went to the wood to cut more branches, as you told me, and Maurya, my wife, is washing the clothes. After that I will come to help her to milk the cows. In the morning she will churn.

HOSEA—I am not asking you about the morning. What were you doing even now, when I called you?

TEIG—I was, as I said, in the woods gathering sticks.

HOSEA—Child's play an excuse for idleness and straying away from my sight. I must find some heavier work for you to do. Look how busy I have been, and let me be an example for thee. As the scripture says, "Go to the ant; thou sluggard, consider his ways and be wise."

TEIG—Ah, sir, and will I help you? (*He seizes a gun.*)

HOSEA (*starting back in alarm*)—No, no. no. Lay it down. Lay it down. Lay it down, I say. (*Teig drops the gun.*) Off to your work. Go, the wood if you like, and bring me tidings of your master. (*Exit Teig.*) The guns, indeed! No, forsooth; I would not trust a gun in the hands of any rascal Irishman. Why he might have blown my brains out, and then have stolen all, and gone off to join his friends, the Tories, in the bogs. I hope Captain Fairfax will not be long. It is not safe to be alone like this among these dogs of Irish. (*Re-enter Teig.*)

TEIG—A horseman alighting at the gate. It is not my master, but another.

HOSEA—Who can this be?

TEIG—It looks like the learned minister who was here one day in the autumn.

HOSEA—The devout Mr. Barraclough?

TEIG—I know not his name, but 'tis he who was here on the day when my master quarrelled with the other Cromwell man—he who lives near the bog, and had his barn plundered by the

Tories, and he was angered and jealous of Captain Fairfax, and the minister he was here to make peace between them.

HOSEA—H'm. So you heard all that? You have heard too much. Take yourself out of earshot now, or go quickly to the wood and call the Captain home. The minister doubtless comes on urgent matters of State. He is a member of the Plantation Council, and can order thy tongue to be cut out if he likes. *(Teig goes out.) (Shouting out at door.)* Teig, Teig, the gentleman's horse. What are you thinking of, blockhead? Give it fodder and water, then run for your master. Say that the learned and devout Mr. Barraclough awaits his return. *(Enter the Minister.)* We are honoured by this visit. My master, Captain Fairfax, will be here anon.

MINISTER—Peace to this house! Peace! *(He turns up his eyes then he catches sight of the guns.)* Ha! What have we here? A goodly sight. *(Lifts one and smells the barrel.)* A goodly wholesome smell.

HOSEA—It puts you in mind of old times, reverend sir.

MINISTER—Ha! yes, old times. Yes, Naseby fight, Marston Moor, Worcester, where the young Prince ran away; and then Ireland with Oliver. Drogheda, Wexford—Ha! I smell them all in the barrel of this musket. But to come to the business of my visit, friend Hosea. How has Captain Fairfax borne up against the disappointment with regard to his intended marriage with that young damsel from Bristol?

HOSEA—Ah, reverend sir!—Well may you ask—well may you ask. We have gone through such times. When word came that Mistress Phyllis Gwynn had taken fright and refused to travel to the wilds of Ireland, he raved and stormed mightily; reproaching his fate that had left him a captive here.

MINISTER—He was ever hot and impatient in temper. 'Tis his failing. But proceed.

HOSEA—At first I had much ado to prevent his abandoning his grant of land and going straightway to England. But with the winter came better times, for there was soldier's work to do, Tories to hunt, and hang, wolves to shoot, priests to trap. That kept him from pining, and verily I am persuaded it brought him into a commendable state of grace. We did a good winter's work, moreover.

MINISTER—Ah, friend Hosea! make no boast. What has been accomplished is nothing to what might have been had there not befallen this lamentable discord between your master and Simon Kincaid, his neighbour.

HOSEA—Yes, verily, such discord has wrought disaster.

MINISTER—Had they been in friendship they could have joined hands, and forces, and have made headway against the stronghold of Tories which still infests the Galtee Glens.

HOSEA—Yea, reverend sir, and 'tis lamentable to think that he might have slain hundreds and thousands instead of tens and twenties.

MINISTER—But take heart, take heart. I have not yet despaired of making a lasting peace between these two. (*confidentially*) You are a trusted comrade, and I may confide with you in a matter that concerns his welfare.

HOSEA—Speak on, speak on.

MINISTER—My wife, I may tell you, is on her way from England. I am riding to meet her, and indeed her escort should have brought her as far as this by now. She brings with her, by my counsel, a niece of Simon Kincaid's. A comely damsel, I am told.

HOSEA—I see, I see. It is a wife you design for my master. But how if he do not agree? The discord will be increased if he should scorn her.

MINISTER—Nay, now I took heed of that a month ago. When he was at Cashel I sounded him on the subject.

HOSEA—What answer did he give?

MINISTER—He said, though somewhat testily, “as well she as another.” And that where there were none to choose from, there was little risk of his discontent.

HOSEA—H'm! A doubtful sort of answer.

MINISTER—However, I won his consent to bring her here as if to take refreshment on the journey. They should be here anon. O, trust me, friend Hosea, you will see what you will see.

HOSEA—Mercy on me! The house in such a litter, and the Captain, I know not where.

MINISTER—What! Surely he has not gone from home?

HOSEA—Nay, only into the wood or up the moor. This six days back, and especially at twilight, he has taken to wandering

in the wood. I know not what to make of it. When I followed him once, he raged furiously, His wish is to go alone.

MINISTER—Perhaps he has come on the track of a priest.

HOSEA—Oh ! no, else he would have his gun in his hand ; but 'tis a book of poetry he took with him ; and, indeed, his mood seems to me more like love-pining. He is absent in mind, and has a look in his eyes as if he pondered on things unseen.

MINISTER—Likely, he is impatient for the coming of this damsel. Mistress Unity Kincaid she is called, and we may well hope that she will bring Unity and Friendship where formerly has been unseemly variance. But I must go. Simon, who is with their escort, would not wish to approach this house without me. You may expect us soon.

HOSEA (*goes to the door with him, then calls out*)—Teig ! Irish Teig ! Where are you ? Where are you, Teig ? Everywhere but where you should be, I warrant. (*Exit.*)

TEIG (*running in breathless*)—Here, master, here !

HOSEA—Ay, here now ; but where when I called, and why there when wanted here.

TEIG—Indeed, your honour sent me to look out for the Captain, and I was up a tree and looking for him, and I saw him not far away.

HOSEA—Where ? Where ? Is he coming home ? Will he meet the minister ?

TEIG—He is coming, but he will not meet the minister. The master is coming to us from thence. (*He points right.*) The minister is going from us hence. (*He points left.*) They are near but saw not one another. I saw both from the top of the tree, and here is the captain now.

(*Enter Gabriel Fairfax. He walks with an abstracted air into the middle of the room, lays his hat on the table, and pulls a book towards him.*)

HOSEA (*bustling up to him*)—Here is a to-do, sir, company coming and I not to know it. Mister Barraclough has been here, and will be back anon, and they with him.

GABRIEL—Company ? Oh ! yes, he said to-day. I had forgotten.

HOSEA—We are scarce ready for them. Women you see, are hard to please, if the house is all at odds and untidy. After

England, you know, after England, sir, all may seem strange to them, and they may be affrighted, as Mistress Phyllis Gwynn was, by the mere thought of it. They may be affrighted, and not care to bide here.

GABRIEL—Phyllis Gwynn! Why do you speak of her? If she cared not to come here, Hosea, why, I say, she is better where she is. To-day's company includes merely, I think, the worthy minister's wife.

HOSEA—A damsel, he said, would be with her. Mistress Unity Kincaid, niece to our unfriendly neighbour, Simon.

GABRIEL—Well, what of that? There is milk, there is meat, there is bread. Sling up the guns, heap on the logs, set food on the table. All will be well then as needs be.

(He takes a book and turns over the leaves.)

HOSEA—Yes, but captain. I ask pardon, captain. If the soldier, sir, may make bold to advise his officer——

GABRIEL—Speak out. What troubles you?

HOSEA—Your coat, captain, will you not change it for a better? The one you wore going to the Council.

GABRIEL—Oh! no. To-day, you see, I am not going to the Council.

HOSEA—But the damsel?

GABRIEL—What of the damsel? What has she to say to my coat? Leave me and get all ready.

(He goes on turning the leaves of the book.)

HOSEA *(aside)*—Well, well. If he has no mind for her what need I care? We may be as well without a woman over us. Come, Teig, bestir yourself. Did you not hear what the captain said? Get milk, get meat, get bread. Heap up the logs, set food on the table. Come, you lazy dog.

GABRIEL *(cooly)*—It was to you, Hosea, that I gave the order. Do all I have asked. Leave Teig to talk with me.

HOSEA *(aside)*—To talk with him while I do the work! In faith, his wits are leaving him, but what use complaining? 'Tis best to humour him. *(Exit.)*

GABRIEL *(laying down the book, turns round and faces Teig, looking at him steadfastly)*—Tell me, Teig, I have been curious long to know! What is the superstition, the belief, your country people hold about the fairies?

TEIG (*agitated*)—The fairies, sir? Those that we call the Duine Sidhe. Oh! it is dangerous to talk about them.

GABRIEL—Tell me, do they appear in shapes of dazzling beauty? Have they voices melting in music? Is it by day or night they are seen by mortal man? Is it in the woods they love to walk, singing and gathering flowers?

TEIG (*in agitation, aside*)—He has surely seen the lady. Sir, I will tell you all I know. They come by day or night. Mostly they walk at twilight on the Moor, or in the woods. Their voices are soft and musical. Their eyes starlike and bright; but it is to the danger of any immortal soul to follow them, or to speak to them or even to look for long upon them.

GABRIEL—Where the danger?

TEIG—There was a young man of the Clan MacCaura. Ten years he was captive in a rath of the hills, with a woman of the Sidhe.

GABRIEL (*dreamily*)—Ten years. If fairy women are as beautiful as you say, that captivity was bliss. But, Teig, come hither. Nay, do not tremble. Come near, come nearer. Why should you tremble. I will not strike you. There is something I will say for you to hear; you and no other. (*Emphatically*). If you should see a fairy in the woods, tell her, say I have said, it is not safe for other men to see her. There are dangers. Fairies should walk only beside the brook, in the blackthorn copse after sunset, and if I see a fairy there she need not flee from me.

TEIG—Sir, how should I speak to a fairy or give such a message?

GABRIEL—You are not quite witless. Try to understand. Go off, and if you meet a fairy, tell her as I have said; and, moreover, that there are strangers coming here, strangers who should not see her. Here is Hosea back. (*Enter Hosea.*)

TEIG (*aside*)—He must have seen the lady.

(*Exit. Hosea sets meat and bread on the table with a solemn offended air.*)

HOSEA—Well, that is done. What order next?

GABRIEL—Go and watch, and warn me of their coming. (*Exit Hosea.*)

GABRIEL (*laying down the book*)—The lady in Comus that John

Milton writes of. The innocent lady wandering in the wood. Yes, that is what was hovering in my mind as I looked at her. The memory of her as she appeared at first is for ever before me like a picture. She came through the branches, gliding softly, looking warily round. Parting the thorns with those white, shapely hands. Then, thinking herself alone, I being closely hidden, she sang softly, sang then more clearly, like a blackbird in the thicket. She must be some poor wayfarer of the exiled Irish, who is lost and left behind. If, if I could win and guard her. If I could have her here for ever beside me, shining in this lonely house like one of heaven's angels. (*He sighs deeply.*) What has come over me? In these past few days, ever since I saw the lady in the wood, this savage realm of Ireland appears to me like the Garden of Paradise. A month ago, no more, I bewailed my lot as an exile in the wilderness—Eden was never rightly paradise until woman was created. but now—but now—well, 'tis just as in the old Bible story. (*Straightening himself as if to gain self-control.*) Is the thought sin? Is it mere human weakness that I should conquer? She is doubtless Irish, therefore an idolator, and the Scripture tells us how the judgment of heaven smote down the Israelites who loved the daughters of the heathen. But then—ah, then—even in the same scripture we read of Ruth. She was a Midianite, and from her espousal to an Israelite sprang the House of David.

HOSEA—Come in, come in, my master is here waiting most eagerly to welcome you.

GABRIEL (*starting up*)—Here come unwelcome guests. The minister, I suppose, my enemy, Simon Kincaid, and his niece from England. Well, I must not quite forget the claims of hospitality, and yet show them by perfect coolness, that the damsel is not wanted here.

HOSEA (*at the door*)—Captain, here are our guests.

(*Enter the minister and Kincaid. The Minister's wife, and Unity Kincaid. The Minister's wife is a plump, jolly-looking woman, who now and then, as if recollecting herself, assumes an unnatural gravity. Unity Kincaid is the personification of demureness.*)

MINISTER—Ha, friend Gabriel, we have come, you see;

to storm your fortress, and plunder your cupboards. My good wife here, my dear, this is Captain Fairfax.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—I thought as much, good day.

MINISTER—And this is Mistress Unity. (*Gabriel bows.*) She is ready, I warrant to rest and sup after her tedious journey.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Oh, not tedious, Unity dear, we did not find the journey tedious.

UNITY—No, Mistress Barraclough.

SIMON (*gently pushing her forward*). This, Captain Fairfax, is my niece, and I, ahem, may add, my heiress, Mistress Unity Kincaid.

(*He turns to talk to the Minister, leaving the two facing each other. Unity stands with downcast eyes.*)

GABRIEL—Supper is spread for you. I trust Mistress Kincaid, you will overlook plain fare.

UNITY (*primly*)—I am most grateful.

GABRIEL—We soldiers, you know, have to content ourselves with the plainest, and my house here is little suited to entertain you, but pray be seated.

(*They sit down, i.e., Gabriel and the women. The Minister and Simon stand and drink.*)

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Ah, Captain Fairfax, we shall see changes yet. Ha, ha, great changes when there is a housewife here. What say you Unity, my dear? Is not this a fair, well-built house, needing but a woman's thrift and care to make it exceeding so?

UNITY (*demurely*)—The house is very fine, and Captain Fairfax is most kind to entertain us.

GABRIEL—The house is well enough, but the country round about; I assure you, Mistress Barraclough, I assure you, Mistress Kincaid, is a most barbarous, savage, dangerous territory. The woods are infested with wolves, the bogs and glens with Tories, and we know not any night that we go to rest whether we shall have our heads on in the morning.

UNITY—(*Startled*) You tell me so.

GABRIEL—Yes, but you are not eating.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Come, try this bread, Unity, 'tis excellent.

SIMON (*to the Minister*)—This does not sound as if he would woo her.

MINISTER—Have patience, patience. I assure you he consented to my bringing her, and cannot mean to flout her.

SIMON (*gruffly*)—He had better not. It will be the worse for him if he tries the like.

MINISTER—His intention must be to let her know the worst at once, so that she will have no excuse to make at the last, like the former lady, who pleaded the wildness of the country.

SIMON—Let us hope it is as you say; I will stand no trifling.

GABRIEL—Well, Mistress Barraclough, if you think that I exaggerate, I can only tell you of the case of poor Jeremy Hobson, that was before the Council lately. His head was found dangling from an apple tree he had himself planted, and his legs and arms in different gooseberry bushes—that is how they found him.

UNITY (*drops a piece of bread and throws up her hands*)—Oh! horrible! Do you tell me so?

GABRIEL—Yes, and the worst of it is that the Tories who did this escaped pursuit, and are still roaming at large.

UNITY—Roaming at large?

GABRIEL—Yes, and maybe in this very neighbourhood.

MINISTER (*plucking his coat*)—Friend Gabriel—(*whispers*)—take care; you will dismay this damsel, and lose her like the other.

GABRIEL—We will talk of other things. Or, if you are finished, come with me to the stable to see the new horse I told you of. The ladies here will be glad of rest.

SIMON—It is time we mounted our own horses and rode away, I think. Before night we should reach my dwelling.

(*Exeunt.*)

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Well, Unity, dear, how do you like your suitor? A handsome man, as I told you.

UNITY—Handsome enough, and yet I think his manner is very strange.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Oh! think nothing of it. Why, child, he is all confused. It is so long since he talked with a woman, his senses are quite bewildered.

UNITY—So you may say indeed. I never saw a man so bewildered, to judge by his words.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—What do you think of the house? Would you wish to rule it?

UNITY (*critically*)—Well, with some improvements I could do with it. How is he off for linen, I wonder?

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—This will be a linen chest. (*She raises the lid.*)

UNITY (*peering in*)—Oh! gracious, what a store of gunpowder; enough there to blow up a citadel.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Close the chest quickly. Come, let us look about us. Here are his meal bins. (*They peep into cupboards and chests.*)

UNITY—Here are his books.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—And there on the chair is one he has been reading. Doubtless some devout or learned treatise.

UNITY (*lifts it and sets it down suddenly*)—John Milton on Divorce! (*Testily*)—Very strange reading for a would-be husband.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—He has been soured by disappointment. But you, my dear, will recompense him yet.

(*Re-enter Gabriel, Simon and the Minister.*)

GABRIEL—So you must go.

SIMON—We are late already.

MINISTER—Wife, come. We must mount; and Captain Fairfax, we thank you for your hospitality; before long I trust you will give us an opportunity to repay it.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Yes, Captain, and when you come to see us you will find Mistress Unity here my guest. Mr. Kincaid considers his house not safe enough for her yet to reside in.

SIMON—Yours, friend Gabriel—I hope I may call you friend Gabriel henceforth—is much more safe than mine, and quite cut off from attack by the Tories.

GABRIEL—Yes, of course. Well, ladies, good evening, and a safe journey to you. I hope, Mistress Unity, you are not yet overdismayed by what you have seen and heard of Ireland.

UNITY—Sir, I assure you, I think it must be, when one is used to it, a most pleasant land to dwell in.

GABRIEL (*taken aback*)—Do you truly think so?

UNITY—The prospect, as we rode up hither from Waterford, was most entrancing.

GABRIEL—It is truly beautiful; but when you are going back to England, take my advice, sail from the Cove of Cork, and you will see an even fairer prospect.

(The ladies look confounded as he conducts them out.)

SIMON *(to minister)*—Did you mark that? He has given us our dismissal. He shall suffer for this. I shall lose no chance to pay him off for all my wrongs and this last insult.

(Exeunt. Enter Hosea to clear away the things.)

HOSEA—Here is a day's work, and more to follow. If a wife comes here there will be scouring, and cleaning, baking, and brewing, shrewing and scolding, if all is not well. Oh, and hitherto we have done well enough without the women. *(Enter Teig.)*

TEIG—It is past the milking time.

HOSEA—The more need for you to stir your lazy legs. Where is your wife?

TEIG—Scalding the pails.

HOSEA—What! is that not done. Why, it should have been done an hour ago. Oh! these Irish. How I am afflicted urging them on to work. *(He sinks in a chair.)* Teig, before you go, make the room straight and clean, as it was before. Sweep up the crumbs, straighten the chairs, and wash the delph and pewter. *(He lights his pipe. Re-enter Gabriel, who reaches to a peg for his cloak.)*

HOSEA—What, Master! Did you not ride away with the guests?

GABRIEL—Ho, Hosea, as you see, I am here. *(He puts on his cloak.)*

HOSEA—You are doubtless going after them.

GABRIEL—No. They have sufficient escort.

HOSEA *(aside)*—This doesn't look like hot wooing. This will make mischief. Captain, let me advise you, women are ticklish creatures, easily taking offence. They will think you lack in courtesy not to ride with them.

GABRIEL—Let them think it. I go to walk in the wood for an hour or so. Call the men home from the field. Give them

supper and let them rest. We will not go to hunt for wolves to-night.

HOSEA—It is dangerous for you to walk so much alone.

GABRIEL—I know nothing of fear. Go as I tell you and call the others home. (*Exit Hosea. Gabriel turns to Teig, who is sweeping the hearth with a heather besom*). Do you think this is the hour at which the fairies walk?

TEIG—Oh, Captain, how can I tell about the fairies?

GABRIEL—I thought perhaps you knew. (*He looks steadfastly at Teig*). I think, indeed, you know, but I will not trouble you with questions. (*He looks out*). The stars are coming out among the branches of the trees. The moon will be rising soon. I will hasten away to seek her. (*He flings the door open to go out.*)

SCENE II.—*A woodland glade by twilight, gradually deepening into moonlight. Enter Gabriel from among the trees.*

GABRIEL—Last night she went this way after milking time, to meet Maurya, the herdsman's wife. Perhaps to-night she may come again—and then, who knows, I may find courage to speak to her at last. Day after day I have sought her with the determination to show myself, ask her name, and give assurance of my friendship and protection; but when she comes I crouch in my hiding-place and can find no words to utter. A strange dread comes over me as if she was a creature of another world, an apparition, and not a mortal woman to be wooed and won by courteous speeches. I feel as if she should be addressed in some musical wording, as magicians hail, or are said to hail, aerial spirits; for such she seems, and I, a stern, blunt soldier, am no magician, and have never learnt the art of invocation. (*He goes up stage and looks right and left.*) Not yet, not yet. Perhaps to-night she will not come. The message I told to Teig may have dismayed her. I have been too bold, and yet, when I feared to speak to her it seemed well to send some assurance indirectly. She is Irish nobly born, and knows the sentence of exile that is decreed against her. She is hiding here in fear, and what I said should banish all apprehension. Now, if she comes to-night I

will know she is not unwilling to be spoken to, for at twilight-time I said to Teig, that is the safest time for fairies to walk by the brook in the wood. (*A pause.*) Now twilight deepens, and there—(*he peers through the trees*)—yes, there she comes at length, but alas ! not alone.

(*He conceals himself. Enter Onora, and Maurya, the latter carrying milking pails. Onora wears a long, hooded cloak, a scarlet fillet round her hair, no ornament but a large Celtic brooch, silver, with red stones, on her breast.*)

ONORA—Kind Maurya, you should be weary carrying those heavy pails of milk.

MAURYA (*setting them down and resting*)—The better that they are heavy with much milk ; the winter is gone by when the cows were dry. We can have butter now in plenty.

ONORA—After your long day's work it is hard for you to bear them. You are hot and flushed. See, kind Maurya, let me carry them for you a little way.

MAURYA—No, lady, no ! We are coming too near to the farm. You must rest here till I return. You might be seen if you came nearer, and that would ruin us all.

ONORA (*aside*)—Teig cannot have told her what was said to him about the wood at twilight hour. (*To Maurya.*) Teig said there were guests up there.

MAURYA—Yes, and one a maiden from England, who is likely to come as mistress over us. But I will hear more about it up at the dairy. Wait here till I return, or go, if you will, back to the hut. I am late already.

ONORA (*aside*)—A maiden has come from England. Why has she come except to be plighted to him. If this is so, my plot has failed utterly. He will be wedded to her, they will live in happiness where my dear mother died, and where my father was so cruelly murdered. And yet—and yet—the message that Teig brought about twilight hour. I must rise up and sing or gather flowers, for perhaps I have a watcher. (*She rises up and goes up the bank singing softly, then breaks off in alarm.*) What was that ? A crackling of the branches. Can there be some savage creature crouching there ? I thought—I thought

all the wolves in the wood were shot. (*She comes down stage, glancing back in apprehension.*) Where shall I fly to for safety?

GABRIEL (*appearing*)—You are safe here.

ONORA—Oh! who is this?

GABRIEL—Only believe it, lady, gentle lady, indeed you are safe here from harm of every kind.

ONORA—My refuge is discovered.

GABRIEL—Why, I only spoke to comfort you. You seemed dismayed by the darkness of the wood. I am a blunt soldier and little used of late to addressing gentle ladies. If I have offended, I am sorry, and will take my leave.

(*He takes off his hat and bows, turning to go.*)

ONORA (*collecting herself, aside*)—There, I have ruined all. What is my resolution worth? It is hard, but I must—I will play my part. (*Gabriel has ascended up stage, but turned to look at her.*) Oh! forgive me, I was startled, I spoke rudely.

GABRIEL (*returning*)—Indeed, I have respected your seclusion. For many days your presence has been known to me. I would not intrude but that you stand in imminent danger.

ONORA—I have been long accustomed to peril, but I thought I had found a quiet refuge.

GABRIEL—You know the sentence of the law against those who have not transplanted?

ONORA (*sternly*)—Yes, I know it.

GABRIEL—If they find you, how shall I save you, lady? Indeed, indeed, I would do much to save you.

ONORA—What can you do to save me?

GABRIEL—Much, if you have the spirit and wit, as I think you have, to play a part.

ONORA (*gravely*)—I can play a part as well as others. What would you have me do?

GABRIEL (*aside*)—How shall I tell her? It seems overbold, yet I must venture. Lady, let me speak in fullest confidence; if I seem too bold, forgive me. This is my plan. Come, sit to hear it. (*Onora sits on a fallen tree.*) I had a promise given me a year ago by a maiden I esteemed, that she would come to Ireland. Her name is Phyllis Gwynn. She was to come about this time, but, instead, sailed from Bristol to a New England port with another suitor.

ONORA—She will not come. Why speak of her, then?

GABRIEL—She will not come, but can you suppose this done that I should say she is coming after all. That you should take her name as a cloak of safety. (*Onora gazes doubtfully at him.*) Oh! do not answer to refuse me till I have explained all. You have good English. She dwelt on the Welsh border, and her way of speech was something soft and foreign like the Irish. Indeed, you can act her part, fill her place exceedingly well.

ONORA—This would be a strange and difficult part to play. How would your English girl be found living with poor Irish herding folk?

GABRIEL—No one has seen you except these simple people. I will announce your coming.

ONORA—Not to your house. Oh, No!

GABRIEL—Forgive me. Forgive me. You could not come, nor could Phyllis have come except as my wedded wife. (*Pause*).

ONORA—She was to wed you?

GABRIEL—All that is past. But here is what I purpose, I shall announce your coming as Phyllis Gwynn.

ONORA—How am I to play the part of your plighted wife, and yet escape the bond?

GABRIEL—I will bring you to the house of our minister, a simple, godly man. We must tell some story, that an escort brought you from the coast. I will ask his wife, a kindly dame, to be your hostess. Then, gentle lady, Oh! do not think me bold to say it! If you would play the part in earnest, take the place the real Phyllis Gwynn was destined for, you would be safe for ever from all dangers as my wife.

ONORA—Your wife? I am a stranger; you do not know my name.

GABRIEL—I do not ask it, for I am fain to give you a new name, a new faith, and a new country.

ONORA—Between your nation and mine there have been wrongs committed.

GABRIEL—I am willing to forget. I can forgive all wrath and bloodshed. You shall come to me as a new creature, not as one of the race proscribed. My name and nationhood I shall freely share.

ONORA (*walking apart*)—Oh! hardened heart; oh! blind

eyes ! He says he will forgive and forget, and thinks that wrongs were done by us, not wreaked upon us. He must be made to feel. (*Turning to him.*) I will play this part you ask me to. I will play it because, indeed, I would fain not be sent into slavery. You are a stranger. I can vow no affection and no faithfulness—but I will do your bidding. I will play the part.

GABRIEL—That is enough to promise. Later on the jest shall be turned to earnest. (*He takes her hand and raises it as if to kiss it, hesitates, and lets it go.*)

ONORA (*standing erect and gazing steadfastly at him*)—Later on the jest shall be turned to earnest.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*In the house of Mr. Barraclough, the Minister. The room contains a long table, partly set for a meal ; entrance to left and right. A staircase goes up to a door on second floor, at back of stage, parallel to audience. Mistress Barraclough is in a silk gown, which is, however, rolled up, displaying stuff petticoat, and wears a large apron. Hosea and Teig are laying the table. She stands with hands on sides, as if resting from over-exertion.*

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—There, you may finish it, though I am sure all will be wrong done that I do not myself. But I must go and dress and cool myself after the morning I have had. The wedding guests will be here before we know.

HOSEA—Here comes someone already with the minister.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH (*hastily shakes down her skirt and pats her hair*)—I hope it is not the President.

HOSEA—No, it looks like our worthy neighbour, Mr. Kincaid.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—It is he. (*Enter Minister and Simon.*) I bid you good morning. Your niece, Unity, is busy now helping the bride to dress.

SIMON—Good day, good day. Can she see me ?

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—I will call her presently (*she turns to Hosea*)—Go to the kitchen and tell Dorothy to attend strictly to the pastry I left in the oven. My guests are coming. I can work no more. Take this man with you.

(*Exit Teig and Hosea.*)

THE MINISTER—Do not speak a word in the presence of my wife concerning these suspicions you have mooted to me. She would straightway believe them, cry out “Papist,” and forbid the marriage.

SIMON—Trust me to be circumspect. (*Aside*)—It would not in any way suit me to prevent the bridal, for doing so I might save him from the penalty. After the bond is tied is the time to make discovery.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Unity, Unity! Can you come and speak to us a minute?

(Enter Unity and the bride from the right ground floor. Onora is dressed in grey.)

UNITY—How will this do? *(She points to the bride.)*

ONORA—There are strangers here.

MINISTER—Not strangers. Merely your bridesmaid's uncle, Mr. Simon Kincaid, an old friend of your intended husband.

SIMON—Good day, mistress. Do not retire. It is I who make intrusion here when the housewife is busy.

MINISTER—We will go and smoke in the garden, and watch for the bridegroom's coming and the President.

UNITY—How do you like the gown?

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH *(criticising Onora's dress.)*—Well, I must say it is deftly fashioned and in good taste. Not gaudy and yet becoming.

ONORA—Thanks, then, to Mistress Unity, who made it for me.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—And before long I trust she will be fashioning a wedding gown like this for herself to wear.

(The three women stand in consultation. Simon and minister going to door, pause and look back.)

SIMON—Well, I will say no more about it, since you counsel silence, but her speech is very foreign.

MINISTER—She has lived on the Welsh border.

SIMON—So *he* says.

MINISTER—Do not mar the mirth with your suspicions. Since she came to my house I have noted her behaviour as very meek and seemly. She is a gentle creature.

SIMON—Well, I will say no more.

MINISTER—This way to the garden. *(Exit.)*

SIMON *(at the door)*—I mean I will say no more until they are firmly wedded. Then I will speak my mind. *(Exit.)*

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Now, Mistress Phyllis, I must take Unity to help me for a while. You may sit here or in your chamber.

ONORA *(seating herself)*—How will it be done? I cannot tell but somehow, when the vow is said, which will subject him to the penalty, I will discover to them my Irish birth and my faith.

At the wedding feast I will find a way to do it. There they will part us—surely they will part us, for I would not have him so much as kiss my hand. I cannot forbear to shudder when he even touches me, and when he speaks, tenderly wooing, I hear no tenderness. I hear—I always hear the cruel voice taunting my father as it did that day before they murdered him. (*Enter Teig.*) Here comes Teig, my former host. Teig, is Maurya here?

TEIG—She is not here to witness your infamy, and I would not be here if I could help it. (*Exit.*)

ONORA—He will not speak to me because he does not understand. If he knew, he would honour me. Seaghan O'Hanlon, brave Seaghan, would laud me highly if he knew, of my service. Maurice Fitzgerald—no ; it was he, it was he, who always urged me to forget my sorrow, who spoke of vengeance only as what would be accomplished under the restored rule of a king in England. Father, I have not forgotten all that you suffered, and what our persecuted Ireland has borne from both English King and Parliament. This very day, if my courage does not fail, I trust to accomplish what the swords of soldiers have failed to do. I will expel the Cromwellian out of my father's lands and home. I, a woman, will do this, though I suffer anguish. And Ireland's sons—will they do less? No! The day will come when in their wrath and courage they will rise and drive forth the English alien—the oppressor.

SCENE II.—*The curtain rises after a brief interval on the same scene and room. The table is, however, neatly set for the feast. Hosea, Teig and another servant are setting jugs of beer and pewter mugs around and straightening the seats. From upstairs comes the solemn air of a Psalm sung in unison.*

HOSEA (*hums, joining in at the end of the verse, speaks*)—They are married now ; that is the bridal hymn.

TEIG—It sounds most sorrowful.

HOSEA—It is sung to the tune of martyrdom. A good old Psalm tune and most appropriate to the occasion.

TEIG—Martyrdom !

HOSEA—Yes, we Puritans regard this bond of matrimony as designed by Providence for our salutary chastening. You will see, Captain Fairfax look a sadder and wiser man before many days.

TEIG—The singing has stopped. Are they come now?

HOSEA—No the minister is giving out the rest of the words ; now they begin again. (*Psalm continues, then stops, a door opens. Buzz of voices heard.*) They are coming now. Out of the way, Teig, get to some corner. You cannot serve at table for such an honourable company. Yes, go there, you can run here and there as I command you, with the platters and dishes.

(*Teig retires, Hosea assumes a grave, rigid attitude as the company descends. The minister's wife comes down first, and very quickly speaking back.*)

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Your pardon. I must see that the seats are set in order, and the dishes right.

(*Puts things a little differently and passes round. Hosea, looking offended. Meantime Captain Fairfax and Onora descend the stairs slowly, hand in hand. She wears an abstracted look, gazing far away. He looks tenderly into her face. After them comes Unity Kincaid and a Puritan, with whom she coquettes in a demure way, the President and Mr. Barraclough. Other guests, two by two, lastly Simon, who is still on the stairs by the time others are seated, and wears a peering, suspicious expression.*)

GABRIEL (*to Onora, on stairs*)—Remember how I instructed you. Be careful.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Be seated. You will afford an excellent contrast—the newly married couple and the settled bachelor. (*All laugh.*)

MINISTER—Unity, dear, ask your neighbour there, worthy Gideon Blake, which of the two he envies and would emulate, your uncle or the bridegroom. (*All laugh boisterously.*)

GIDEON—I envy both.

VOICES—Oh, nonsense. Explain, explain.

GIDEON—Well, the way is this: The bridegroom has the bride—Mistress Gwynn that was ; Mister Kincaid has his niece, Mistress Unity here. Both are comely to the eye. I would be

discourteous to decide between them. (*Sinks his voice.*) And yet, Mistress Unity, I would not decide to be your uncle, merely.

(*There is a brief interval, and serving meat and drink. Hosea goes round the table. Teig flies about handing him jugs of beer. Mistress Barracrough jumps up and helps to attend.*)

MISTRESS BARRACROUGH—Husband, your wits are wandering. Meat here for the President. You should serve him second only after the bride.

PRESIDENT—Time enough, time enough. You are too kind.

MINISTER—You should have an appetite after your journey.

MISTRESS BARRACROUGH—Hosea, beer to the President. No, not that jug. The other contains the special brew.

HOSEA—Teig, that jug on the settle? Quick, but do not spill it.

PRESIDENT—I give the first toast; are you ready, friends?

ALL—Yes, yes.

PRESIDENT—The Commonwealth of England, and its most puissant sage, Protector, Oliver Cromwell!

ALL—Oliver Cromwell! Cromwell! His health! his health!

MINISTER—And the Commonwealth, you must mention it.

PRESIDENT—The Commonwealth, of course; but on Cromwell's health and weal, and continued life, the enduring of the Commonwealth depends.

VOICES—Long life to him, then! Heaven grant it!

TEIG (*aside*)—That is a sin I must do double penance for. I served the wine and beer in which they drank his health. The health of Cromwell. Damnation to him (*in Irish*).

SIMON—You are not drinking, lady (*to Onora*).

ONORA—No, not beer! it makes my head reel so easily.

SIMON (*aside*)—The toast, I think, gave her a distaste for the contents of the cup. (*To the company*). The Parliament next, I suppose.

PRESIDENT—The Parliament, indeed. Not while I sit here. It has acted most presumptuously to Cromwell, and I have lately

the news that he has sent it to the right about. There is no Parliament now in England.

GIDEON—Why, then, did we kill the King? He would have punished merely five members of it and Cromwell chastises all.

PRESIDENT—I cannot answer that, all I know is this: that Cromwell rules. He is your master and mine, young man, and has planted us here in Ireland, not to question his doings, but to do our duty, and to make the land a Western England.

SIMON—We have good news for him then, Mr. President—we have good news for him from our district of the country.

PRESIDENT—You have been proceeding actively against the Tories in the Galtees?

SIMON—Yes; we have smoked the vipers out of their den.

ONORA—What! slaughtered them? All of them? Oh, when?

GABRIEL (*to her*)—Keep calm! Appear as if you took no interest.

SIMON (*turning to her*)—You would be glad to hear it, Mistress Fairfax, if we had killed them all. (*Onora does not answer*). But the President here consented to our making a pact with them, after we had fought against them, starved them, and wrought general devastation.

PRESIDENT—We had not force enough to capture them in their stronghold. Many were killed.

ONORA—Oh! who I wonder?

PRESIDENT—But still they harried the lands of our good Simon here. At his request I signed a paper extending mercy to them, letting them go over the Shannon among their banished kindred.

SIMON—He appointed for them the stoniest waste, the worst land in all the West—the Burren in County Clare.

PRESIDENT—You will not find there water enough to drown a man, wood enough to hang him, nor earth enough to bury him in. The place is fit for the rebels.

SIMON—Talking of hanging—

GABRIEL (*interrupting*)—Oh, talk of pleasanter things; this is a wedding-feast and not a council of war.

SIMON (*raising his voice*)—Talking of hanging, Mr. President, you did not know that there was a priest among the Galtee Tories.

PRESIDENT—I signed no papers for any priest.

SIMON—He came to me disguised as a labourer, and would have hired himself. He showed a paper signed with your name. But I had my suspicions, and made a search of his person, and found upon him clear evidence of his calling. So, your honour, I acted on the letter of the law. I hanged him. (*He looks at Onora.*)

ONORA (*rises and comes from the table*)—Let me go somewhere out of this house, and away.

GABRIEL—Oh, Phyllis, stop ! What are you saying ?

ONORA—He hanged the holy father ! The saintly, innocent man. Oh ! blessed martyrs, another is added to your number—another from persecuted Ireland. (*General commotion.*) (*All rise.*)

PRESIDENT—What words are these ? Captain Fairfax, answer, is your bride mad ?

SIMON—So, ho ! I knew it. I knew it. I am skilled in cases of this kind. Mr. President, she is not mad, but merely Irish, and a proscribed and traitorous papist.

MINISTER—Irish ! What ? and I have married them.

PRESIDENT—There is a penalty attached to that.

MISTRESS BARRACLOUGH—Indeed, we did not know. Husband, tell him, we had no suspicions of it.

GABRIEL—Phyllis—wife—you have betrayed me.

MINISTER—I did not know of this, President, I assure you.

PRESIDENT—But he ? It cannot be that Captain Fairfax was imposed on ?

MINISTER—He was long betrothed to Mistress Phyllis Gwynn.

PRESIDENT—This is not she. He knew it. He has played a trick—a base and cunning trick—to impose this Irishwoman upon us as a simple Puritan maiden.

GABRIEL—Hear my defence. (*He pauses.*) Oh ! I have no defence, except to ask your mercy. If divorce is possible between us—John Milton, as you know, has urged in favour of it—I will submit. You will not rob me of my lands, the only wages I received for years of warfare. That would be unjust.

ONORA (*aside*)—His heart is rooted in his lands. He would even cast aside his bride in hope to keep them. If he had stood by me I would have pitied him a little, in parting from him, but

it is better thus that pity need not assuage my hunger for revenge.

(There has been a brief consultation in the background. Gabriel pleading.)

PRESIDENT *(bursting away)*—No ; I will not hear you.

GABRIEL—If my lands are taken, wages are owed me for ten years' service in the war.

PRESIDENT—Tell that to Cromwell. He is your paymaster. You were in his regiment, but I know that this will be his answer. He has paid you amply, in a generous grant of the conquered Irish land, but you have squandered your whole inheritance, the earnings of your warfare—squandered and lost them for the sake of that Papist girl.

GABRIEL—The Council shall hear me.

PRESIDENT—The Council shall hear you now. For four are present, and their President, namely, myself. My Clerk is here with all papers needful. We have evidence of your marriage. We are ourselves the witnesses. Mr. Barraclough and other members of the Council, sit here, sit here. We will have a formal trial for justice's sake. It will be brief.

ONORA *(aside)*—For Justice's sake they tried my father. His trial was brief. *(They seat themselves.)*

PRESIDENT *(he points to Onora)*—That woman is a Papist and Irish born. *(Silence.)* Write, it is not denied. You, Captain Gabriel Fairfax, have married her. Write the names of all here as witnesses. The crime is proved, and now comes the sentence. Stand forth, take your wedded wife by the hand. She is already sentenced, and proscribed to slavery over the sea for not transplanting. I might send you with her to the Barbadoes ; but there are settlers there, staunch Puritans. I will not send you there, nor her. But since you have chosen to link yourself with this idolator of the Irish race, I sentence you to go and live among them. You shall go across the Shannon into the wastes of Connacht, and further into Arran in the Atlantic sea.

SIMON—Ha ! Ha ! You shall have enough of the Irish before you die, if it is to Arran you are going.

PRESIDENT—Your confiscated land shall be divided amongst the neighbouring planters.

SIMON—That is just, quite just.

PRESIDENT—That is your sentence. What have you to say against it ?

GABRIEL—Nothing. I have been ruined by a weakness common to greater men. Samson and David were tempted, as I have been, and fell as I did. But, oh ! perhaps (*he turns to Onora*) she, who has ignorantly been the cause of my loss, will yet reward me. I go with her. I go as Adam went with sinning Eve, out into the wilderness. She will be with me there.

ONORA—I have played the part you asked me. (*He holds her hand.*)

PRESIDENT—Make preparations to set out instantly.

(*TABLEAU—He stands pointing in a commanding manner. The wedding guests in various attitudes of surprise and curiosity staring at the condemned pair, who stand hand in hand.*)

GABRIEL (*turning towards the bride*)—You will be with me there.

(*He gazes at her tenderly. She slowly turns away her gaze, and, as the curtain falls, is standing with face averted, and a look of repugnance.*)

SCENE III.—*On the border of the River Shannon. The back ground shows a broad stretch of water, steep hills on the far shore, and a tower like a fort. At the back of the stage a bank projects, there are willow trees and weeds. The prow of a large ferry boat or barge is seen behind the bank. A Puritan stands in it. As the curtain rises a band of Irish Tories are seen coming on to the stage. These include Maurice Fitzgerald, and Cathlin, now his wife ; Sheeve, Nabla, Donal, Art and other Tories, men and women. Seaghan O'Hanlon towers over all.*

MAURICE FITZGERALD (*to Cathlin*)—Here is the river at last, here is the Shannon.

CATHLIN—I have never seen so wide a river. Is that the boat we are to cross in ?

NABLA (*peevishly*)—They might as well have sent us across the

sea as over that horrible river. Ugh ! ugh ! I have never before gone on such a voyage. The boat will likely leak or overturn, and we will go to the bottom.

SHEEVE—Grumbling as always, Nabla.

SEAGHAN—Do not heed her. Let us hasten to embark.
(*He leaps into the boat.*)

BOATMAN—Are your papers signed ?— Have you not been to the Fort ?

MAURICE—Where is the fort ?

BOATMAN—Have you no eyes to see it ? Yonder upon the shore. You must go to it, the officer will examine your papers and sign them, and send you back to me.

SEAGHAN—Well, we have walked so far, it does not matter.

CATHLIN—Oh, I am weary.

MAURICE—My arm is here for you to lean on. Come, little wife, rest on my arm !

BOATMAN (*to Seaghan*)—When you come back, red-head, I shall make use of those sinewy arms of yours ; you shall be ferryman to-day.

SEAGHAN—But not alone.

BOATMAN—You may choose your helpers. But go, and return quickly. (*Exeunt.*)

BOATMAN—It was a wise device of Oliver Cromwell's to spare a portion of the Irish race, instead of ordering as he might have done, the slaughter of all. We have them to do all menial and tedious labour, and can so spare more time in the exercise of arms to keep them in subjection. Who comes here ? Two others, I suppose, of the same party, that have lagged behind. The woman looks pale and weary. The man, of a verity, is of an English and more Christian aspect.

(*Enter Onora and Captain Fairfax.*)

GABRIEL—It was as well to sell the horse. The money will serve us better where we are going, but I trust you have not been over-wearied walking these past few miles.

ONORA—I am weary ; but, no matter. I can rest now. I can rest.

GABRIEL—Here is the boat.

BOATMAN—Where are your papers ?

GABRIEL—Here. (*He goes aside with Onora and waits.*)

BOATMAN (*reading*)—H'm, h'm. This is a sad case, but I need say no more. The flesh is weak. A Captain of Cromwell's horse trapped into a marriage with a Papist girl. He has to suffer for it. Well, the flesh is weak. Here, Captain—but I suppose I need not call you Captain now.

GABRIEL—Call me what you like—or better, not at all. (*Angrily.*)

BOATMAN—Oh, I must call you. And what's more you must come and go at my bidding. You are now mere Irish by your own choice, and the lowliest son of grace—the least in the Kingdom of Heaven, as the Scripture says, is higher than you.

GABRIEL—I must keep silence or my anger will prompt me to rashness. (*To Onora*)—Come, take your place in the boat.

BOATMAN—Not yet, not yet. Have you been to the fort? You must go there and get your paper signed.

GABRIEL—May the lady rest here?

BOATMAN—Yes, if she will. I will answer for her. She seems tired.

ONORA—I thank you. (*She sits down.*)

GABRIEL—And now, my wife, whom as yet I have called by no name save that which, by my bidding, you took to deceive others—what name shall I call you by instead of Phyllis?

ONORA—It is better you should not know.

GABRIEL—Why better?

ONORA—When they ask you there what is my name and lineage, you can truly say (or even swear) you do not know it.

GABRIEL—Well, you will thus be spared the bandying of your name on soldiers' lips. But am I to go over the Shannon into Connacht there with a wife for whom I have given up all, and never call her by her name? You have been strangely cold to me, considering what I have suffered for your sake. During the journey you scarcely spoke to me, more than to thank me for the meat and drink. Since we were wedded I think I have hardly held your hand in mine—but this must end. I have vowed to cherish you as my wedded wife—the minister and the Council would not allow that your marriage in a false name annulled the bond, because I was aware of the deception. We are wedded, therefore, for better or worse, and you will learn from me the meek and loving behaviour due from a wife

to her lord and husband, and at the outset you must obey me in this. Tell me your name and kindred ?

ONORA—I will tell it to you, sir, since you have asked it—but not yet. When you return from the fort, having shown your papers, then I will tell you truly my name, which you have asked.

GABRIEL (*retiring, looks back at her*)—The teaching of John Milton has stood me in good stead. The woman must be subject to her husband, and this instruction has greatly benefited her. (*Exit towards fort.*)

ONORA (*rising*)—He pleaded that he has given up all for me. That was not so. All was taken from him against his will ; if he could have done it he would have had his marriage declared invalid. I need not pity him—and yet—and yet this seems a cruel thing I have to do. What will he say ? How will he look when I tell him that all I did was done for vengeance. (*She seats herself.*)

BOATMAN (*re-entering*)—It is a pity that your husband is not ready. Here is a party of pardoned Tories on their way to Connacht. You could have crossed the Shannon with them in one boat-load. (*He goes up stage.*)

ONORA (*looking off towards the fort*)—What do I see ? Here are my former comrades from the Galtee Glen. There is Seaghan O'Hanlon striding erect. There is the peevish Nabla. Now—Ah ! Maurice, Maurice ! he who loved me once, or said he did. He has easily forgotten, but I think kind Cathlin loved him all the time. They go hand in hand, like man and wife, or plighted lovers. Finian Mac Connmara is not there, and Father Michael, God rest his martyred soul, will never tend that mountain flock again. How shall I hide from them ? The boatman does not know my name ; that is well. I will sit here and cloak my face and listen.

(*The Tories re-enter.*)

MAURICE—Boatman, here are our papers signed. Now, we can hasten on our journey.

NABLA—Ugh ! Ugh ! I dread the water.

CATHLIN—It is a fair, green country on the other shore. Oh ! Maurice, we shall be happy there.

MAURICE—That fair, green country is not for us to live in ;

we will have to travel on northward to the stony Burren, a long way.

SEAGHAN—What matter how far it is ; I am glad to go when every hour's journey is northward, and brings me nearer to Ulster.

ONORA (*aside*)—There spoke my Ulsterman. Blunt and insolent as always—rough in his speech, but faithful to the cause of Ireland.

MAURICE—Cathlin, come.

CATHLIN—There is a woman there, who is not one of us ; she looks lonely and sad ; I cannot see her face, but she is bowed in grief.

MAURICE—There are many to grieve in Ireland now ; but love, we shall be happy.

CATHLIN—I would wish to speak to her.

BOATMAN—You need not. Doubtless she hides her face in shame from you, and she would not answer.

CATHLIN—Why in shame ?

BOATMAN—That is an Irish Papist girl who has married one of our Cromwellian captains, and so has ruined him.

CATHLIN—She has belied her faith, her country. Yet, Maurice, I am sorry for her ; I would wish to say some words of comfort (*advancing*). Are you weary after your journey here ? (*Onora keeps her face buried.*) She will not answer. She does not care to let so many of us stare on her. Go away. It is kinder. God pity you, poor woman, and pardon you.

(*Onora keeps her face hidden, but reaches out a hand and silently grasps Cathlin's.*)

MAURICE—Come, Cathlin ; never heed her.

CATHLIN—Poor woman, if ever you want a friend, you will find my house in the Burren of Clare. My name is Cathlin, wife of Sir Maurice Fitzgerald. Good-bye. (*She goes to the boat.*)

BOATMAN—Here, fellow (*to Seaghan*)—Go into the smaller boat and wait. I and my men will take this load of Tories over. You can follow with this woman and her husband.

SEAGHAN—What is his name ?

BOATMAN—Captain Gabriel Fairfax, of Tipperary. Steady, and shove off.

(The boat moves away with all in it, except Seaghan. He stands on the high bank and looks on the bowed figure of Onora.)

SEAGHAN—Captain Fairfax! That was the name she told me—the name of the man who murdered Donagh Cavanagh, her father. Now vengeance and destruction has fallen upon him and through an Irish woman. No; through a wanton unworthy of the Irish name. *(Onora rouses herself and listens, but does not turn round.)* Vengeance has fallen upon him, but not enough. I swore to her I would kill him, and I will kill him now.

(He leaps on to the stage with a boat-hook grasped like a pike.)

ONORA *(rising up)*—Seaghan O'Hanlon, no; you must not kill him.

SEAGHAN—Lady Onora! You!

ONORA—I am wedded to him—not that I love him. Oh, Seaghan, you would not think it. This is my way—a woman's way—of vengeance. You shall witness its consummation.

SEAGHAN—My queen of women *(kissing her hand and kneeling)*, I knew, I knew that one day I would find you. I knew that you had fled, I knew not whither, from unwelcome wooing. But, oh, saints! You tell me you are bound in wedlock to your enemy, to Ireland's enemy, a worse one even than that silken cavalier, Fitzgerald, the King's man. You are bound in wedlock to your father's murderer, the Cromwellian.

ONORA—For vengeance, Seaghan, and yet not bound. I will go free, and you will witness it. Oh, will you lead me then to some desert cell, where I may take a vow of poverty, and of life-long celibacy—for I must never know the joy of wifely love. I have used the sacred vows of marriage sinfully, falsely, God forgive me. And, Seaghan, I must tell you, though I have wrought this vengeance, I have suffered, and while I live must live in sorrow and repentance.

SEAGHAN—You should rejoice. Bards will make songs about you and praise you for ever. You are the bravest woman in Ireland, and worthy to be the bride of an Ulster Chief.

ONORA—Not worthy to be a bride of Heaven. Yet I will take a vow.

SEAGHAN—I remember the story Father Michael told about

the Irishwoman and the soldier of Kilmallock. That made you think of this. Now, he is dead, and Finian Mac Connara is dead, too, and others that you knew.

ONORA—Father Michael suffered martyrdom. I heard of it.

SEAGHAN—The others died fighting, as Heaven grant I may die some day.

ONORA—You are fierce as ever and faithful. But lead me to the boat, and when he comes row me an oar's length from the shore. I will speak to him with the water running between us. He will never touch my hand again. (*They go into the boat.*)

SEAGHAN (*guiding her*)—This way lady, sit you down.

ONORA—I will stand to speak to him. He is coming. He is here.

(*The boat moves out. Enter Gabriel.*)

GABRIEL—The paper is signed and sealed. You are ready, I see, and in the boat. Come to the bank for me.

ONORA—You asked me before you went there, nay you commanded me, to tell my name and lineage before you came across the Shannon with me.

GABRIEL—No matter now till I come to you in the boat. I will not delay here to stand more mockery. What I endured up there on account of you I need not tell. Boatman, come to the bank.

SEAGHAN—I do my lady's bidding.

GABRIEL—Who is this?

ONORA—One of the Irish race; one of my own people.

GABRIEL—No kinsman, surely, that wild savage!

ONORA—No kinsman; but more than that, a faithful friend.

SEAGHAN (*kissing her cloak*)—Her servant and protector.

GABRIEL—Obey her, then; come to the shore!

SEAGHAN—She has not asked me.

GABRIEL—Command him. The river is deep and wide between us. Too far for me to cross.

ONORA—It is deep and wide; but tell me, can you not see there is a deeper gulf between us, between your race and mine.

GABRIEL—What does she mean?

ONORA—The billows of it are red. Yes, they are red with the blood of victims and martyrs. You did not spare women nor

children, nor holy priests. You did not spare venerable age or innocent youth, and tender maidenhood, you sent into shameful bondage.

GABRIEL—You are talking wildly. Come ! You are my wife now—or you will be. We will forget these horrors. I have sheathed my sword—or it has been taken from me. We are bound together for better or worse. Reach your hand to me, The boat swings nearer, but I must not leap to it. That would endanger its stability. Reach your hand to me.

ONORA—You have not heard my name.

GABRIEL—Reach out your hand. I will pull the boat in and sit beside you and you can tell me all.

ONORA—I will tell you all there, where you stand. My hand (*she stretches it out*) do not touch it. Wait till you know whose hand it is. My name, my father's name. Then touch it if you dare.

GABRIEL—Speak, some horror is shaking my heart. She cannot be akin to anyone I have slain. She cannot—it is impossible.

ONORA—My father's name was Donagh Cavanagh. Do you remember ? You entered into his house on a May morning and hanged him on an ash tree in the wood. I am Onora, daughter of Donagh Cavanagh, who is dead.

GABRIEL—He had no daughter. He had no child. His papers hold the name of none. We found no one there. Yet the hate, the horror in your eyes tells me this is the truth.

ONORA—It is true I am his daughter. He lied for my protection. I fled away at your coming and was hidden for months in a Galtee glen. I came again unto my home, designing vengeance. And in wedding and thus ruining you, I wrought my vengeance.

GABRIEL—God have pity ! I am ruined utterly. I have lost lands, and house, and wife. Oh ! hateful thought, that I have called her wife—though our union was only in name—it has been and I am ruined—ruined utterly. Houseless, landless, homeless—a mask for mockery.

SEAGHAN—Bravest of women. See, your vengeance is full and perfected. You have been very brave.

ONORA—Now I have no courage left. You shall see me weep

often for this. Oh! through the long years to come I shall only weep and pray. Soldier of Cromwell!

GABRIEL—Speak.

ONORA—Can you find any comfort in the thought that I shall suffer—that I shall weep often for this; that I shall never know the joys of love; that I must go and spend my years from youth to age in penitence and pain?

GABRIEL—I can find no comfort in that thought, or in anything.

SEAGHAN—You will rejoice to hear men praise you yet; to hear the poets sing; to know that your name will go down to the ages; to think that when there is thought of peace or peace-making between the children's children's children of the Sas-senach Cromwellers and the yet-to-be-born clans of the unconquered Gael—that at such talk of peace-making some one will say, Remember the river of blood that flows between, widening, and widening, through all the years it will be. Like Shannon water over which Onora, daughter of Donagh passed in her hour of triumph (*he waves his arm pointing to the river*). Wide, wide as the Shannon water and deeper. Deep as the Atlantic sea. (*Scornfully pointing to Gabriel*)—you will never cross it, Englishman, nor come to her, or hold her hand in peace. (*To Onora*)—Queenly lady, your victory over him is glorious! He weeps, he cannot answer.

ONORA—Victory! Triumph, Ah! Seaghan, you do not understand. The sword of vengeance is so fashioned that it must wound the wielder of it. I took that heavy weapon into my weak hand. I took it willingly, and, as you see, have executed judgment—righteous judgment—he weeps, he suffers, and I, who, for his sins, have been the dealer of punishment—shall weep—shall suffer while I live. And now, let us depart!

(FINAL TABLEAU—*Onora stands at the prow of the boat with hands crossed on her breast. Seaghan slowly swings the oars. The boat moves very slowly. Gabriel kneels with his face hidden in his hands.*)



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